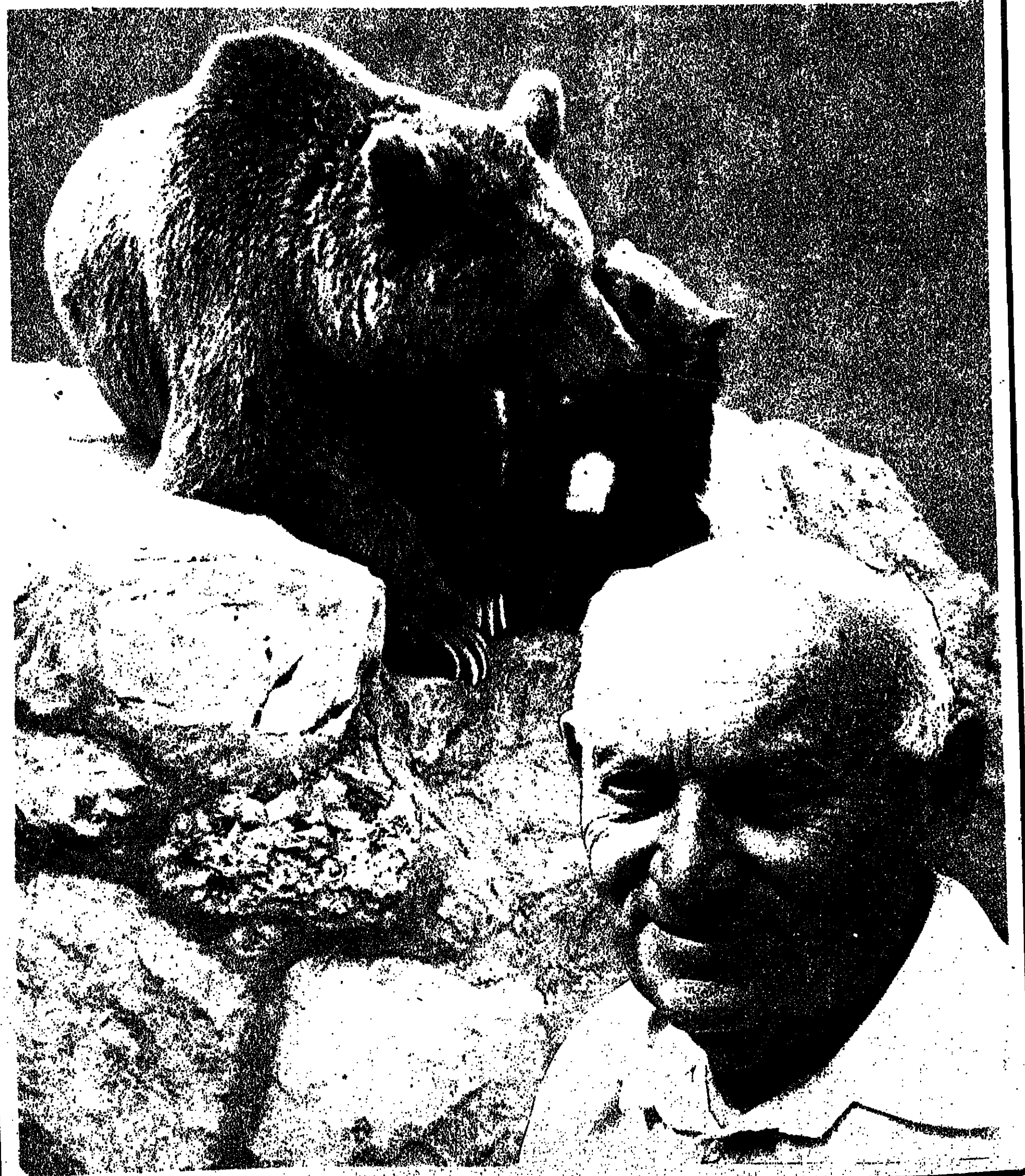


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In this issue

On the cover: Biblical Zoo director Prof. Aharon Shulov and one of his bears. Artwork by Alex Berlyne.

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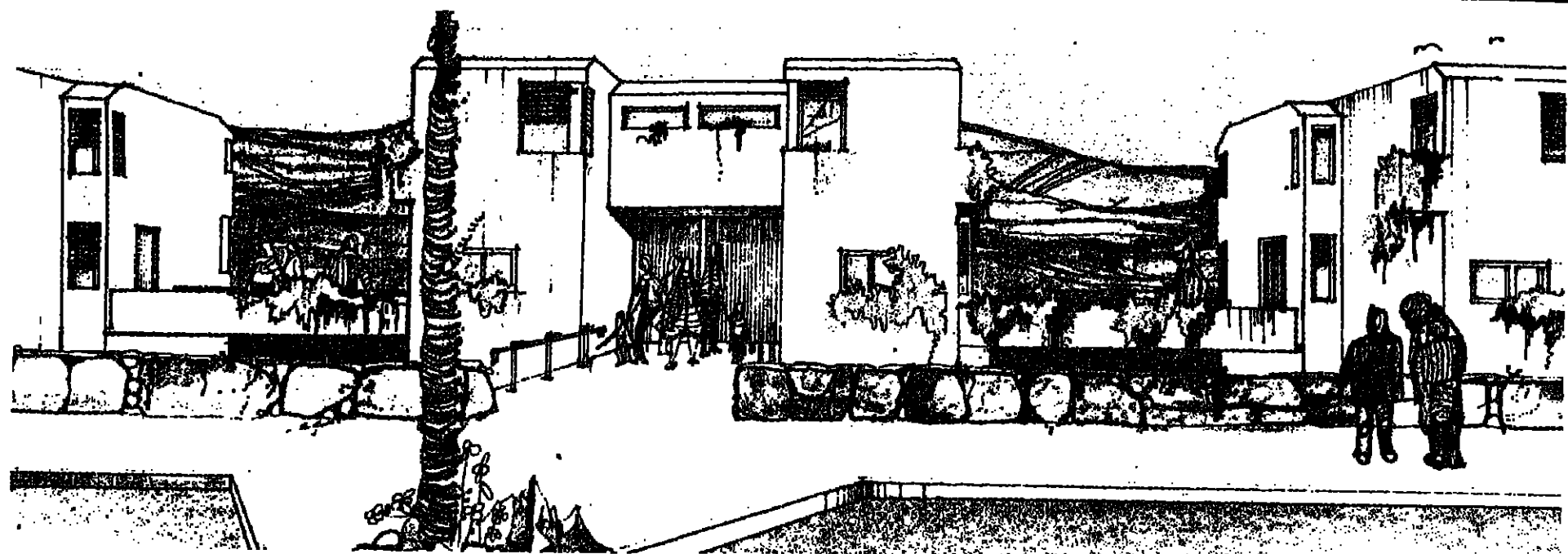
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SETTLEMENT AND SUBURBIA

The lure of low-price housing and open space has succeeded where Gush Emunim failed — in attracting large numbers of Israelis to live in Judea and Samaria. In the first of a series of articles, YOSEF GOELL examines the forces which have triggered the new wave of settlement activity.

"THEY'VE DONE only good things for us. How else could we have afforded to buy our own three-room flat after only five years of marriage, and at such a price? Our monthly mortgage payments are only about \$2,000."

The voice happily describing how a "dream of a lifetime" had been realized came from a hitchhiker in the darkened back seat of our car. Her husband had flagged us down in Ma'aleh Adumim a few minutes before midnight, explaining that his wife had missed the last bus to Jerusalem. She was a nurse, on her way to work the overnight shift at Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus.

The nurse, together with her husband and their four-year-old daughter, moved to Ma'aleh Adumim a few months ago. They are one of the 800 families, mostly young, which since last summer have become residents of Jerusalem's newest bedroom suburb, 15 kms. from the city down the Jericho road.

A few weekends ago, several hundred families — remarkably similar in age and number of children although not in economic status to my Ma'aleh Adumim couple — were present when the cornerstone was laid for the new town of Nofim. All the way from Petah Tikva to the wind-swept Samaritan hilltop on which that Israeli "Levittown" will rise, one is assaulted by an endless row of signs advertising: "Nofim — It's a great life."

IN THE past few months, thousands of young families have deluged the sales offices of private housing developers who are offering visions of villages, cottages and whole-dunam plots, and of liberation from the restrictions of concrete cells in multi-family dwellings. The remarkably low prices, based on almost absurdly low land and development costs, have also attracted a large number of older Israelis looking for a bargain, whether as a home or as a way to make a fast aliyah. What all these schemes have in common is that they are located in the occupied ter-

ritories — or, if you prefer, Judea and Samaria.

Two years ago, in writing a series on the state of Israel settlement in the territories — I found a variety of interesting human and social phenomena. But politics aside, if that is possible in the Israel of the 1980's — I also felt that settlement in the territories was not then a serious development.

The first five years of settlement, marked by strenuous Gush Emunim efforts and since 1977 by the full backing of the Begin government, had produced a Jewish population which numbered substantially less than 20,000, or two-thirds of them children. That figure was well below the annual natural rate of increase of the West Bank's Arabs. What also seemed clear in 1980 has been borne out in the ensuing two years — that Gush Emunim had come close to the bottom of the barrel in its search for ideologically motivated settlers.

THE PICTURE seems to have changed in the last few months. The best evidence of that change is the long line of young families attracted to Ma'aleh Adumim and Ariel, and being drawn by the advertisements

of Nofim, Tsavta, Alfei Menashe and other public and private land developers as moths to the flame.

What seems to be at work is the Likud government's local application of the thesis that the cumulative social effect of personal greed can be of great benefit to society as a whole. Official plans for continuing settlement of the territories are now being based not on Gush Emunim zeal and personal sacrifice or on Herut talk, but on the harnessing of pressing personal needs and of the profit motive to the expansion of the Israeli presence in the territories.

Last week, Michael Dekel, the deputy minister of agriculture charged with that ministry's activities in the territories and Mattityahu Drobles, the co-chairman of the World Zionist Organization's Settlement Department (the latter always stresses the crucial importance of differentiating between the WZO and the Jewish Agency because of U.S. tax restrictions on the use of funds donated through the United Jewish Appeal) reported on past progress and future plans to the Knesset Economic Committee. Various sets of official figures

often are not in complete agreement, perhaps because there are so many fingers in the pot (Dekel, Drobles, the Ministry of Housing, the Ministry of Defence National Security Unit, Ariel Sharon's personal aide Uri Bar-On, the Israel Lands Administration, to mention only the thickest fingers) and coordination in this field would seem to be as lacking as in any other in Israel's bureaucratic wonderland. But there is a large measure of agreement on the major lines.

There are at present 76 Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria (besides the 31 in the Jordan Rift Valley). The population in them is about 25,000 in about 5,800 dwelling units.

Plans call for the establishment of another 42 settlements in the next four years, which together with the expansion of existing ones will provide an additional 21,500 dwelling units. The Jewish population should thus grow by another 80,000-100,000 by the end of 1986.

Most of this development is expected to take place in urban settlements like Ma'aleh Adumim, Ariel and Nofim, as opposed to the small- or "community settlements which characterized the original Gush

Emunim effort. The Arab population in Judea and Samaria is about 800,000.

Deputy Minister of Agriculture Dekel told me that while there isn't an up-to-date assessment of the costs entailed in settling one family in Judea and Samaria, it had cost the WZO Settlement Division an average of \$54.1 m. to settle one family in smaller 60-family community settlements. This had included a basic investment in production infrastructure to provide sources of income for the settlers.

He expressed confidence that the cost of settling families in the new, larger settlements being planned for 400-500 families would be significantly lower — about \$3-3.5 m. per family. Multiply this by 20,000 families, which is the number they plan to move there during the next four years, and you get a total of about \$170 billion. This of course pertains only to public expenditure.

In the past, public funds covered an average of 68 per cent of the actual cost of settling a family in the territories. In the new settlements, in the much sought after western edges of Samaria (Area Gimmel, as Dekel put it), the level of public participation will decline to 45-50 per cent.

One of the major developments that have made possible the progress to this second stage of settlement in the territories is the greater availability of land. This has come about in two ways. In recent years, Mrs. Plesha Albeck of the Ministry of Justice has carried out a painstaking title search regarding ownership of lands in the West Bank. Ya'acov Feltelson, chairman of the council of the Samaria town of Ariel told me:

"At first we wanted and railed against her because we thought that her nit-picking approach would put a crimp in rapid settlement and development. Now we know that her work was of extreme importance. We know that if Mrs. Albeck says that a certain bloc of land is clearly state property it is absolutely so and there is no obstacle to settlement on it."

Much of the land in the West

Bank is state land, and has been such from the time of the Ottoman Empire through the British Mandate and through the Hashemite Kingdom's stewardship. This is especially true on the arid eastern slopes that lead down to the Jordan Rift Valley. In the heavily populated mountain spine area and on the somewhat less-populated western slopes of Samaria, land ownership has often been very vague.

Even after Mrs. Albeck's meticulous research, one of the major problems is that state lands are often criss-crossed by privately owned properties, making it difficult to assemble tracts large enough for urban settlement.

Nofim is sited in the middle of a nature preserve that has existed through Mandatory and Hashemite times. The Nature Protection Society considers Nofim an encroachment on one of the few remaining havens for Mediterranean region flora in the barren Samaritan hill area.

THE SECOND development that has progressed quietly over the years is the private purchase of lands from individual Arab landowners by private Israelis. It is estimated that about 30,000 dunams have been bought in such fashion over the last few years.

Part of these private lands has been sold to the Lands Administration for public settlement. But for the most part they form the reservoir for the splurge of private settlement schemes that have sprung up during the last few months.

An interesting development is that under the impact of the defeat of the PLO in Lebanon, and the demoralization of PLO supporters in the territories, the readiness of local Arabs to sell land has grown. Under Jordanian law, the sale of Arab land to Jews is punishable by death. Several years ago a number of Arabs who were active as go-betweens in such deals were assassinated by the PLO.

The entire subject is still very much a hush-hush one, and there is still a great deal of fear connected with such dealings, in addition to the obvious Palestinian patriotic opposition to such sales. But both of these factors seem to have been weakened somewhat in the last half year, both as a result of the events in Lebanon and of the tough policies adopted by the Israeli civil administration on the West Bank.

The problem of proof of ownership still remains. I answered an advertisement in *The Jerusalem Post* by a group called "Admatenu," offering land for building and development purposes in the Judean Desert four kilometres south of Ma'aleh Adumim. When I came to the Rehov Ben Yehuda address in Jerusalem, the man in the office representing the Mitzpe Levniya Company (Hebron) registered in Ramallah (because all such transactions still fall under Jordanian law, which requires that real estate firms be registered in what had been Jordanian territory), also tried to interest me in building plots near Givon, near Ramallah. He warned me, however, that those plots had not yet been fully cleared because the wills of the dead original owners had not yet been investigated for their authenticity.

In the absence of Mattityahu Drobles, the chairman of the WZO's Settlement Department, who was busy politicking on the establishment of a new WZO Executive, I spoke with division spokesman Ze'ev Ben-Yosef. He said that the department's plans calling for 100,000-130,000 Jews in

Judea and Samaria in four years' time and 1.3 million at the end of 30 years, were based on studies of land ownership and utilization in the area, and on projections for the development of the Arab population there, he said.

It was found, Ben-Yosef said, that 70 per cent of the land was neither privately owned nor farmed or otherwise occupied by the indigenous Arab population. Projections, he added, put the Arab population at 1.6 million at the end of 30 years, compared to today's 800,000, if one ignores the fact that Arabs will also be leaving these territories as they have in the past 15 years.

As for the projection for Jewish "demand" for resettlement in new localities for the next 30 years, this showed a figure of 1.4 million Israeli Jews seeking such a move. Ben-Yosef stressed that this potential would come only from the overcrowded Coastal Plain areas and would not drain off Jewish population from Jerusalem, the Galilee or the Negev.

(The facts seem to go counter to the theory propounded above. A very large proportion of the 800 families in Ma'aleh Adumim came from Jerusalem, as is the case with many of the Gush Emunim settlers in the settlements in the centre and east of the mountain ridge in Samaria, and in Kiryat Arba near Hebron. The families being attracted to the new localities in western Samaria, however, are coming almost exclusively from the Greater Dan Region.)

These projections set the goals for settlement policy, Ben-Yosef declared. It was possible to settle 1.4 Jews alongside the 1.6 million Arabs in Judea and Samaria without overcrowding and without their bothering one another. This will also result in raising the standard of living of the Arabs, he asserted.

Turning ideological, Ben-Yosef added: "Anyone who is truly afraid of creating a bi-national state should be all in favour of raising the Arabs' standard of living and of education. To date we have found that these are the major factors inducing them to leave for elsewhere."

In January 1980, the ever-devoted personal spokesman continues, Drobles the chairman of the calling for the activation of private enterprise in the settlement drive. The idea is that of dangling the prospect of a 150sq.m.-plus villa in front of privacy-starved Greater Tel Avivians at the price of a standard Tel Aviv apartment.

The level of governmental subsidy, besides the cheap price of the land, will vary with the distance from the Coastal Plain and with natural demand. Up to a line roughly east of the new area of Nofim, Yakir and Emanuel, government help will be "minimal" and financing will come primarily from the ability of young middle-class families to buy the new housing with the money obtained from the sale of their existing homes. Government assistance will be increased for settlements in a middle area, around Ariel, and vastly increased in the more distant settlements on the mountain ridge and the eastern slopes.

"The idea, eventually — that is within the next 30 years — is to remove the centre of balance of Jewish settlement in this country from the coastal strip to the mountain areas, as it was in Biblical days."

WHEN ONE DESCENDS from these heady clouds of vision to the

mundane terra firma of bureaucratic Israel, all is not well. Last week the Knesset Finance Committee refused to approve a Treasury request to transfer \$375 million from the budget for agricultural settlement to that of urban settlement in the territories. This week the committee reversed itself and approved the sum, itself an indication of a shift in emphasis to the building of a smaller number of larger settlements.

In the Knesset Economic Committee, the director-general of the Ministry of Housing last week warned that his ministry would refuse to carry out infrastructure work on projects whose planning had not been coordinated with the ministry. Housing's *bête noir* has been Deputy Minister of Agriculture Dekel, who has been promising governmental support to private projects which had not been approved by the cabinet's inter-ministerial committee on settlement or coordinated with the Ministry of Housing.

Dekel had been reprimanded earlier by his own minister, Simcha Ehrlich, for his support for Nofim. When I interviewed him last week, the Ministry of Housing's head of the Rural Building Division, Yossi Margalit, also offered Nofim as a problematic example of jumping the gun.

"Nofim may yet succeed, but it's very iffy. They are no contractors and we don't know if they have enough financial backing to really pull off their schemes. The private firms we work with all have contracting experience, proven financial ability backed by bank guarantees and also have long established sales offices."

Perhaps in response to this sort of criticism, Nofim has recently signed on the prestigious firm of Anglo-Saxon realtors as its sales agent.

In the area itself, older settlers give free rein to their scepticism regarding the private capital newcomers, notwithstanding their obvious interest in attracting as many new settlers as possible.

"Nofim, blufft!!!" is what I heard from several settlers at Ariel, who expressed their doubts as to the ability of the private company to carry out its impressive plans for public buildings and amenities such as country clubs, schools, and old age homes which they have promised. Ya'acov Feltelson, Ariel's council chairman and a red-hot proponent of settlement in Samaria, noted in this connection that in Sha'arei Tikva, just across the former Green Line from Petah Tikva, 450 plots had been sold in short order as part of the recent land rush, but only 45 buyers had started building on those lots. Yossi Margalit also expressed doubts as to whether the Sha'arei Tikva developers would be able to provide the necessary infrastructure and public buildings for that settlement.

As the standard cliché has it "only time will tell" if the 100,000-130,000 goal for 1986 will indeed be met, and when. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip — between talking and implementation. This is especially true in regard to the human factor. It would seem that all of the numerous new settlements being planned are banking on a very limited reservoir of villa-hungry Israelis who can also afford the dream villas, even at cut-rate prices.

But it is clear that there is major movement on the settlement front in Judea or Samaria, as opposed to the crawling progress of the first stage.

(This is the first of a series of articles.)

Wet blanket



The snow that blanketed Israel's northern and mountain regions on Saturday gave way to rain in much of the country by mid-week, dampening spirits and just about everything else.

Continued precipitation flooded fields, preventing the harvesting of some vegetables and fruit for export. Agrexco and the Citrus Marketing Board reported difficulties in filling export quotas because of the rain, and at least three ships were delayed in leaving port.

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IT IS 1983. The fate of the West Bank and Gaza should be sealed this year. There will either be progress towards resolution of the problem by diplomatic means, or he strands lying the future of the territories to Israel will become too angled to unravel.

We have heard this argument often of late. Officials in Washington are convinced of its veracity. It is echoed in the State Department, the White House, the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill.

It could be true. But prediction in the Middle East is a fool's trade. The realities of 1983 make research studies conducted a decade ago look like a comedy of errors.

Menachem Begin is the prime minister of Israel — something almost unthinkable in January 1973. Anwar Sadat made peace with Israel, but only after conducting a war the experts said was impossible.

Iraq and Iran are at war, and there is a long list of conflicts that have engulfed the region: Syria — Iraq; Syria — Jordan; Egypt — Libya; Libya — Sudan; the Yemens.

Afghanistan has been invaded by the Soviet Union and the strongest protest the Americans could muster was to cancel their participation in the Moscow Olympics. American credibility started eroding with the fall of the Shah — an event of such impact that its repercussions are being felt to this day, and will be felt throughout the next decade.

It created a wave of Islamic fundamentalism that looms over the future of regimes in Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Egypt, Jordan and Syria. It killed Sadat, and there is no predicting its future course.

UNPREDICTABILITY is the characteristic of Middle East developments. The region is a quicksand of shifting allegiances and changing ideologies. Apart from Israel, which has its own problems, not a country in the region is free from potentially explosive internal dissent.

Jordan's King Hussein is faced with increasing Palestinian unrest in his own country, fostered on the one hand by Palestinian nationalism becoming a trans-national movement, and on the other by growing dissatisfaction over his continued ineffectuality in stopping creeping Israeli annexation of the West Bank and Gaza.

Syria's Hafez Assad is still waging a battle for his life with the Muslim Brotherhood in his country, though he dealt the organization a severe blow in February 1982 when he razed the city of Hama and destroyed with it a lot of the populist support the movement enjoyed. Its leaders are still active and receiving financial and operational support from Jordan and Iraq.

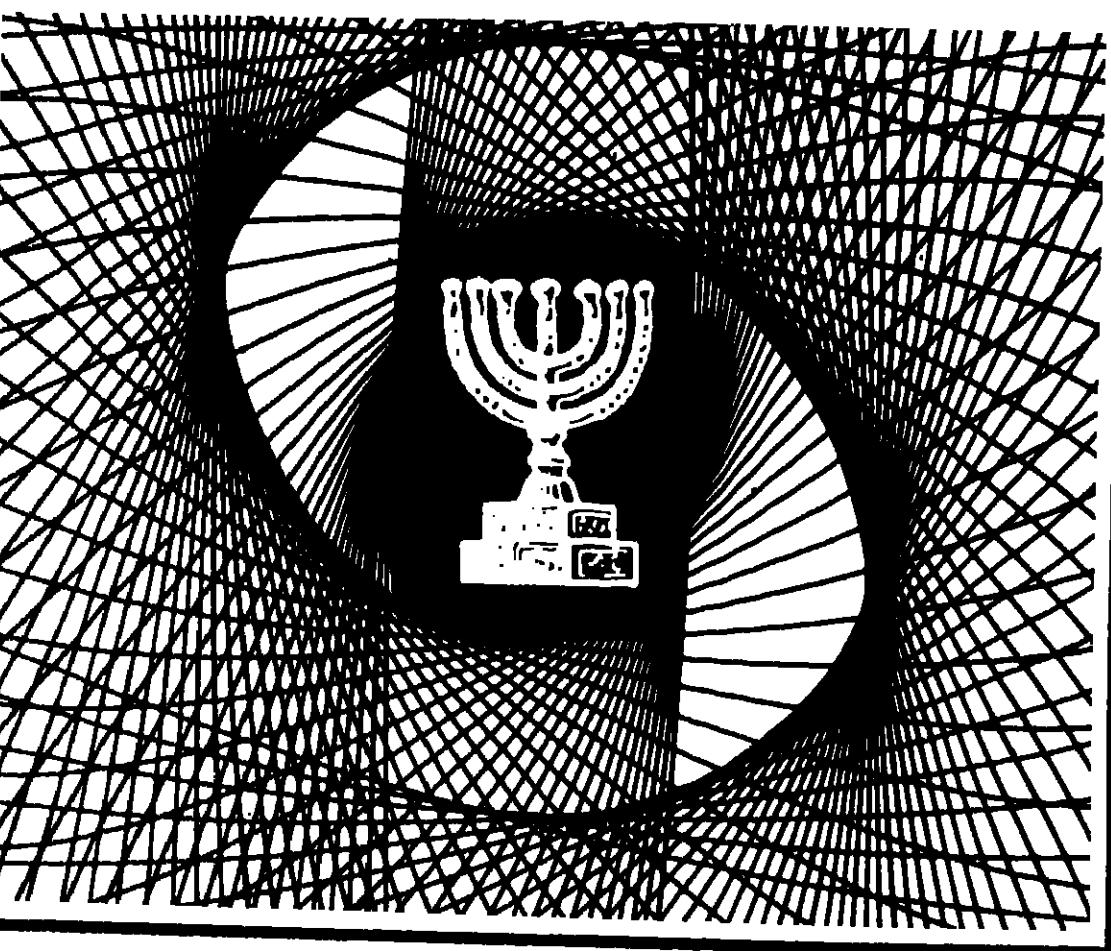
Iraq's Saddam Hussein is threatened not only militarily by Iran (though it seems that his situation in the field is far less hopeless than one would have expected six months ago), but also by the overflow of Shi'ite fanaticism from that country, which could rub off on Iraq's Shi'ite majority. Saddam's Shi'ites have long been restive under his own Sunni minority.

Similarly, unstable scenarios could be projected for every Arab country directly involved in the Middle East conflict — countries Israel has to know and understand in order to articulate its own basic position with regard to that conflict.

To be safe, those responsible for Israel's security must assume the worst. The effects of the decisions they make now will be felt in a decade, and we all know that it is

TOO MANY VARIABLES

Israel's strategic thinkers have to bank on the worst possible scenario in the unpredictable Middle East, writes Post Defence Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN.



impossible to predict what will be in 10 years' time.

Israel cannot afford to be wrong, to be taken by surprise. Neither in war nor in peace.

There is another way of dealing with unpredictability if one's goal is invulnerability: the pursuit of an activist, aggressive policy designed to mould events, rather than be moulded by them. This approach has been very much the hallmark of the Begin government. It destroyed the nuclear reactor in Baghdad in order to preclude having to deal with an Iraqi nuclear bomb; it annexed the Golan Heights and is well on the way to the *de facto* annexation of the West Bank and Gaza. It signed a peace treaty with Egypt, and initiated a war in Lebanon which led to the dispersal of the PLO, an American-European commitment to the stability of a pro-Western Christian dominated government in Lebanon, and a weakening of the Syrian armed forces which has seriously, if only temporarily, affected that country's ability to wage war.

The war in Lebanon, despite its immediate importance, is not going to have a major impact on the course of Israel's history. Not unless it turns out to be the war that brings in its wake more than just a solution to the problem of terror on Israel's northern frontier, or even normalization of sorts with Lebanon — a country that was never a factor in the overall geo-strategic equation.

There will be a settlement in Lebanon because it is in the basic interests of all the parties to arrive at one. The Syrians are currently in the advanced stages of rehabilitating their armed forces, a process which cannot be effectively

completed with 30,000 troops and 800 tanks tied down in Lebanon, caught in the cross-fire of a war it has no interest in. Israel would like to withdraw for similar reasons, but only after the government is assured that the northern border can be efficiently policed, and can show something more than just security arrangements to get it over the problem of having to justify Israel's longest and most controversial war to a questioning electorate. The Lebanese want the Syrians and the Israelis out of their country (but the Americans and Europeans in) so that Beirut can reassert its sovereignty over Lebanon. And the Americans will agree to any solution that leaves a pro-Western Christian government in control of that important stretch of Mediterranean coast.

OF COURSE there are numerous other reasons why each of the parties would like to see a solution, but they need not concern us here. Despite the apparent lack of progress in the talks currently under way, there is a great deal of optimism on all sides that an answer will be found.

Israel, Lebanon and the U.S. basically accept the terms of the agreement — the problem is how to package it in a way that is acceptable to the various Lebanese power groups, to the Arab world which Lebanon is going to have to remain part of if it is going to survive, to the Israeli public, and, most important, to the Syrians, without whose approval any agreement would be worthless.

The process may take months, but its successful conclusion appears a safe bet. The real question

concerns the general course of the Middle East once the Lebanese problem is settled.

The war sparked off new diplomatic interest in the region.

President Reagan has tabled a peace plan and remains committed to it. When it was first made public, it was rejected out of hand by the Israelis, and Middle East experts said it would be unacceptable to any of the other parties to the conflict. Whether the Arab world can ever accept a plan that explicitly states that there will not be a Palestinian state, remains to be seen, as does Jordan's willingness to enter into any meaningful confederation with the 1.3 million highly politicized inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza. One can also be sceptical about Palestinian attitudes to the plan.

But the President of the United States remains convinced that it can work, and it has become the cornerstone of American policy. A country like Israel, which depends on American generosity, will have to bend to American pressure or face sanctions.

Much to the surprise of the sceptics, Hussein of Jordan seems to be more forthcoming than his previous behaviour led one to expect. He created the impression in Washington last month that he was prepared to participate in any process aligned to the Reagan proposals; and he is expected to make his agreement public when he visits Washington again in five weeks' time, just before Prime Minister Begin.

Hussein's willingness to negotiate could be either the result of a genuine desire to reach an agreement, or a shrewd move — ac-

cepting a process he knows cannot be implemented, appearing reasonable by comparison with Israel, and thus contributing to the deterioration of U.S.-Israel relations.

Whatever the reasons behind it, Hussein's endorsement of the Reagan plan will give it an impetus that will be almost impossible to resist. What is not clear is what course it will take.

Given the Israel government's reactions to events it perceived as threatening in the past, its response to a process that could ultimately deprive it of control of the West Bank may be annexation: the creation of a new reality that is seemingly irreversible, of a new point of departure for any future process.

THE FIRST test will come when Begin visits the U.S. next month. Hussein is insisting on a settlement freeze as a precondition for talks. Reagan apparently supports the king's demand. So it looks like Israel will have a new war to fight, a diplomatic war.

It is this war over the future of the territories that will dominate the next decade. It will colour Israel's relations with the U.S. and set the tone of internal Israeli political debate. It will become an obstacle in the normalization process between Israel and Egypt, and perhaps the reason for a break in relations. It could become the issue around which Arab reconciliation is forged.

The centrality of the question of the West Bank and Gaza in the *Realpolitik* of the Middle East will generate a process of reevaluation among the Palestinians. The PLO was dealt a severe blow in Beirut, but it was not a mortal blow. Far more dangerous to the future of the PLO is the realization among both Palestinians and Arabs generally that adherence to the position that the PLO is the sole representative of the Palestinians can only serve Israeli obduracy, can only perpetuate the current situation in which Israel creates facts while the Arabs do nothing.

One can isolate events and try to apply logic to their progression. One can identify basic positions and use them as limits of analysis. But logic has never been a reliable yardstick in the past. There are too many factors and not enough rules for a neat picture to emerge.

Against this backdrop of unpredictability, those in government have to make their assessments and mould policy. The danger of being unprepared for unfolding reality is too great to allow objective difficulties to become an excuse for a policy vacuum.

It is clear that the focal point of future debate is going to be the Palestinian issue. It is also clear that the issue is highly problematic Israel has begun by rejecting the proposed American solution. Jordan has made a first move towards accepting it. The American position is clear.

We could be on the threshold of a new cycle in the Middle East, on the verge of creating a new path for history. The result could be annexation, with all the implications of such a move, or a Palestinian state, with all the implications of that event. Or it could be something between these two.

But something will happen. It has to. And what makes it all so frightening is that it is impossible to know what.

(Last in a series of three articles on Israel's strategic problems.)

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IN A SMALL reception room at the Writers' House in Tel Aviv, poets, novelists, playwrights, translators, editors, and administrators sipped cognac and crunched Biall. They sat in rows of folding chairs and listened to a few speakers from the flower-decked dais, about waxing poetics and waning finances. Then they adjourned for coffee and cake, gossip and business. Among the questions overheard: "When are you going to finish that other nonsense you're working on and translate ME?"

The occasion was a modest celebration of the 20th anniversary of the Institute for the Translation of Hebrew Literature. The institute is a government corporation and is partly responsible for the fact that works of Hebrew literature can be read in Afrikaans, Norwegian, Hindi, Welsh and Serbo-Croatian. Also some less exotic tongues: most translations are into English and there is increasing interest in French.

Funding for the institute comes mainly from the Ministry of Education and Culture, with additions from the Foreign Ministry and the World Zionist Organization. The budget is filled out by the sale of books and rights.

Dr. Yosef Michman-Melkman is chairman of the institute; the board of directors includes representatives of those bodies that foot the bills, plus the Writers' Association. As Prof. Gershon Shaked pointed out from the dais, the institute is backed by the Establishment, but literature is by its very nature part of the opposition. The institute allows a less familiar side of Israel to reach audiences abroad.

Though there are the usual complaints about literary politics influencing the institute's work, no one I spoke to complained of an ideological line. Michel Eckhard, who translates into French and serves as a consultant, says: "You hear that the institute translates only sclerotics, but they've accepted Yosef Mundi for the drama series. It took a year, but they accepted his *Return to Noplace*. Mundi's work, considered avantgarde in Israel, subjects Zionism to considerable scepticism. In one of his plays, Herzl, in purgatory with Kafka and others, complains that Dreyfus, whom he saved, is now in Palestine, developing a paunch and earning a good salary."

The directorate of the institute appoints a four-man advisory panel of writers, critics and scholars to decide which works it should commission or support, and whether a translation is successful or not. The quality of translations is one of the main problems. So far, none of the members of the rotating panel has been a native English-speaker.

Translations are farmed out to consultants for appraisal but opinions differ, and part of the problem for a long time was assessing the assessments. In recent years, the institute has found consultants it can rely on, though of course "taste" is still a variable.

THE PERSON who handles all the day-to-day administrative work, negotiating a sea of egos, is Nilli Cohen — close-cropped sandy hair, glasses large enough to take in a lot of print; mild-mannered, down-to-earth. She shares a cramped three-room office in Tel Aviv's Rehov Shlomo Hametech with an assistant and a secretary, and with Isaac Goldberg, a bibliographer who tracks down every existing translation of Hebrew literature and periodically publishes a listing. Books are lined up on



TONGUE TIES

The Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ visits a government corporation engaged in promoting 'exports of the spirit'—and doing a pretty good job of it.

shelves and stacked on every available table; Cohen insists that she can find what she's looking for. She's been at the institute since 1967, at first as a student assistant, and in her present job since 1976.

The institute has two basic ways of operating: either initiating the translation and publication of a work, in cooperation with local or foreign publishers, or subsidizing a translation which someone else — the author, translator or an interested publisher — brings to its attention.

IN THE first category are about 40 volumes, including *Three Days and A Child* by A.B. Yehoshua, an anthology of *Fourteen Israeli Poets*, edited by Dennis Silk, a dual-language edition of poems by Avot Yeshurun, *The Syrian-African Rite*, translated by Harold Schimmel, and Uri Orlev's *Lead Soldiers*, translated by Hillel Halkin.

For the last 10 years, much of the institute's work has been in the second category — subsidizing what usually amounts to about one-third of the cost of translation. The institute can be more flexible with subsidies than with financing publication. "We almost never say no if a publisher is interested," Cohen says. Works by Aharon Appelfeld, Yoram Kaniuk, Yitzhak Orpaz, David Shahar and many others have been promoted by the subsidies. The institute helped with the production of an Israeli issue of *The Literary Review*, which is put out by Fairleigh Dickinson University in the U.S. The issue was edited here by Gabriel Levin and Zali Gurevitch; the institute supplied some of the translations and paid copyright fees.

IT'S HARD to find good translators, and because the rates are so low, the institute has trouble holding on to them when they do turn up. Two leading translators into English — Daya Blit for prose and Harold Schimmel for poetry — work on contract with the institute, at higher than standard rates. But the pay is still better when it comes directly from a foreign publisher.

Cohen says Hillel Halkin is one respected translator who rarely works with them now because it isn't worth his while.

A number of writers whose works were once translated by the institute — A.B. Yehoshua, Amos Oz, Yehuda Amichai, David Shahar — are now well-enough established to make direct contact with publishers abroad and have the publishers pay for the translations. For unknowns, publishers don't want to risk the investment in a manuscript they can't read.

The institute maintains contact with some publishers and agents abroad but has been criticized as unprofessional in its dealing with the foreign market. A periodical called *Modern Hebrew Literature* is produced intermittently and sent to publishers and libraries abroad, to interest possible buyers. Its editorship has changed hands several times in the last few years, and much of the writing has been stodgy, showing little awareness of the interests of foreign readers.

According to Michel Eckhard, translation itself is the "matching of cultures" as well as the rendering of words. The success of a translation depends partly on what the receiving culture is interested in absorbing. Selling the translation of course also depends on knowing the consumers.

Cohen acknowledges that most of the deals with publishers are made by individual contact. But the system tends to be hit-and-miss. A number of unsold translations have been piling up on the institute's shelves. Some perhaps for lack of the right contact, but others probably because the people out there just don't want to read what the people here think should interest them. But interest, to some extent, is unpredictable. Cohen says the translation of *Lead Soldiers*, a novel about two boys during the Holocaust, remained in a drawer until the translator, Hillel Halkin, established contact with Peter Owen, the English publisher. The book has been considerably successful in England and in the U.S., where it has had two printings.

THE INFORMALITY of the institute's operation has given it something of the atmosphere of a ma-and-pa literary grocery. It is gradually becoming more sophisticated, but given its very limited means, it must choose between becoming a supermarket or a high-class delicatessen. It can't please everyone.

For example, it produced a large anthology of modern Hebrew poetry generally thought to be an uninspired cross-section, in uninspired translation. It has been described as "two bar-mitzva volumes to sit at the bottom of the closet of every cultural attache abroad."

JERUSALEM POET Dennis Silk, who writes in English, was asked to edit a third volume in the series, and supplied with a stack of translations. He says he found "maybe 20-25 good poems in a huge manuscript." A lot of money had been spent on it already; he suggested that the institute scrap the manuscript, and offered to do one in its place for no charge, with new translations selected for their literary qualities even if they didn't represent the entire spectrum of Hebrew poetry. The institute accepted his suggestion — and also paid him — for what eventually became *Fourteen Israeli Poets*, published by André Deutsch in England.

Still, Silk complains, "the old translations keep floating up like the bellies of dead fish in *Modern Hebrew Literature*," after his anthology appeared. The book represented a turning point in institute policy — favouring the delicatessen over the supermarket. An anthology along similar lines, though with different poets, has been prepared in French by Eckhard, who divided up the translations with Benny Ziffer. But they're facing some pressure from a French publisher to adopt the supermarket approach, and it's not clear at this point whether the volume will come out.

An anthology in Greek is being planned, also along the lines of *Fourteen Israeli Poets*. And Cohen

says the institute has commissioned an anthology of Hebrew short stories translated into Arabic by Anton Shammas, an Israeli Arab who writes poetry in Hebrew. There have been some contacts with an Egyptian publisher, to put out a translation of A.B. Yehoshua's *The Lover*, which is about Arabs and Jews in Israel, but the literary negotiations have gone the way of other "normalization" projects, and in the end, the Arabic version may be published in Israel.

THE INSTITUTE is hanging a lot of hopes on a new periodical called *Forthcoming* — which combines Hebrew writing in translation and American-Jewish writing. It was initiated by David Rosenberg, a poet and editor who came to Israel from New York about two years ago, and it recently made its first appearance as a supplement in *Moment* magazine. (It was reviewed in *The Jerusalem Post* on December 24). *Forthcoming* is financed by the institute and Hakibbutz Hameuhad, the publishing house. Cohen sees it as an opportunity to present stories, poems and excerpts from longer works and create further interest in Hebrew translation.

A similar venture is being planned for publication in France, and Eckhard is among those conducting the negotiations, trying to find an appropriate and willing host publication. The institute is trying to maintain a balance between openness and efficiency, quality and commerce. As if that weren't difficult enough, an additional complication was cited by Prof. Shaked at the anniversary party: It's important for Israeli literature to be saleable abroad, he said, but it cannot be written for a foreign audience. If writers address the interests of their domestic audience, they'll be able to sell abroad as well. But "if they turn their faces toward the audience abroad, they'll have no face at all."

The institute's role is "exporter of the spirit," as he put it, and for all its problems, it seems to be doing a lot better than some of our other exports.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

FLUTE AND PIANO RECITAL — Ra'anan Eilon and Ya'akov Shila play works by Hindemith, Gruber, Leclair, Handel, Schumann. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

CAMERAN SINGERS — Avner Itai, conductor. Works by Giusi, Monteverdi, Reger, Brahms, Rastuk and others. (YMCA, Sunday)

NOON CONCERT — Concert dedicated to Arthur Rubinstein. Pinna Saltzman plays works by Chopin. Hebrew University, Law Faculty, Rosenblum Building, Monday at 1.30 p.m.

CHAMBER MUSIC — Tsvia Litvsky, mezzo soprano, Michael Meizer, flute, Eldad Neumark, harpsichord and piano. Works by Bach, Dvorak, Cavendish, Telemann, Schumann. Special bus from King David Hotel at 7.30 p.m., from Kings Hotel at 7.45 p.m., from Mt. Herzl at 8 p.m. Bus returns to town after concert. (Farg, Ein Kareim, Monday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Jerry Semkow, conductor. Jean Bernard Pommier, piano. Mozart: Symphonies No.29 and 40, Stravinsky: capriccio for piano and orchestra, concerto for piano and wind instruments. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Rafael Fruhbeck De-Burgos, conductor, Salvatore Accardo, violin. Brahms: violin concerto; Naxos: symphony for strings; De Falla: The Three-Cornered Hat. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Maxim Shostakovich, conductor, Dmitri Shostakovich, piano. Works by Mussorgsky, Shostakovich, Tchaikovsky. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow). Programme as for Jerusalem. (Mann Auditorium, Wednesday)

11.11 SERIES — The Israel Trio — Alexander Volkov, piano, Menahem Breuer, violin, Zvi Harel, cello. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

SOLLA RE QUARTET — Yair Kleiss, Itzhak Gersa, violins, Gad Levrontov, viola, Uri Vardi, cello. Beethoven: quartet op.95; Bartok: quartet no.3; Brahms: quartet no.3 in B flat major. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

MOTEX — Operetta for children. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 3.30 p.m.)

WHO'S WHO — Creative theatre. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CHILDREN'S THEATRE — Excerpts from plays, with children's participation. For ages 9-11. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

HAPPY HOUR — Clowns, pantomime — With Shai Shwartz. (Jaffa, Hasimta, 8 Mazal Dagim, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Anesh Vardi, conductor, Mira Zukal, alto, Shira Rubin, piano. Works by Gabrieli, Vivaldi and others. (Mann Auditorium, Monday at 5 p.m.)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA — The Concerto: Concert with explanations conducted by Yigal Zimmerman. (Rehovot, Wis, Monday at 5 p.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Uri Segal, conductor. Alar And, viola. Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.6; Paganini: sonata for viola and orchestra; Ligeti: 6 miniatures for winds; Haydn: Symphony no.97 in C major. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday, Monday and Wednesday; Rehovot, Wis, Thursday)

SATURDAY MORNING CONCERT — Piano recital by Rami Bar-Niv. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

NEW YORK STATE UNIVERSITY CHOIR — Donald Lang, conductor. Works by Brahms, Hadnott, Dinerstein, Alec Wilder. (Rehovot, Wis, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

MUSICAL NIGHT AT TZAVTA — Menahem Breuer, Rafi Frenkel, violins, Ze'ev Steinberg, Rachel Kunt, violas, Michael Haran, cello, Irit Zvi, piano, Uri Shoham, flute, Orly Lavan, guitar. Works by Haydn, Weber, Villa Lobos, Mendelssohn and Mozart. (Tzavta, Monday)

FOLK IN ART SONG — Emilie Berendsen, mezzo soprano, Zivka Lutsky, piano, Fivakum Saltzman, violin, Wendy Elder-Kahy, flute, Naomi Enoch, cello. Works by Fauré, Harold Arlen, Dvorak, Villa Lobos, Zvi Avni, Ravel. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

Haifa

CHAMBER MUSIC — Tamir Raz, mezzo soprano, Yigal Cohen, clarinet, Ruth Heletz, piano. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday)

FRIDAY NIGHT CONCERT — Gila Abramson, soprano, Efrat Lavry, harp, Esther Limski, piano, John Shrankengot, horn. Works by Handel, Dvorak, Lavry, Berlioz, and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight)

FLUTE AND PIANO RECITAL — Rami Sal, flute, Sara Yanovsky-Tal, piano. Works by Handel, Honneger, Messiaen and Prokofiev. (Yuval, tomorrow)

CAMERAN SINGERS — Details as for Jerusalem. (Beersheba Conservatoire, tomorrow)

ITALIAN CLASSICAL AND POPULAR MUSIC — Nino Sincio, piano, Carlo Liberatori, tenor. (Hertzliya, Yad Lebanon, tomorrow)

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL — Marcel Bregman and Sonia Borisova play works by Bach, Debussy and Brahms. (Yuval, Tuesday)

VIOLIN, FLUTE AND PIANO RECITAL — Mark Brodsky, violin, Eirad Carmi, flute, Shimrit Carmi, piano. Works by Beethoven, Ravel and others. (Yuval, Thursday)

DANCE

JERUSALEM DANCE WORKSHOP — (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BEERSHEBA DANCE COMPANY — (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday; Haifa, Municipal Theatre, Thursday)

For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact Box Office.



Ami Traub, Yehuda Mor and Aviva Ger in "Little Invasions," a tragic-comedy by Baclav Havel and Pavel Kohout.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRURIVA — The Jerusalem Drama Workshop in a dramatisation of Talmudic and Midrashic sources, presenting the life of an enigmatic woman — relevant to our own day. Directed by Joyce Miller. (Pargod, 94 Bezalel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

LITERARY EVENING — Renaissance poetry. (Israel Museum, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

ENCHANTED NIGHT — By Marozex. Directed by Hadas Ofrit. (Karon Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV — By Dostoevsky. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CAIRO, FEBRUARY '78 — By Yitzhak Ben-Ner. Directed by Yitzhak Shauli. (Jaffa, Hasimta, 8 Mazal Dagim, tonight at 10)

GHOST ON TIPTOE — Comedy by Robert Morley performed in an animated playreading by the ZOA House Drama Circle. Directed by Judy Matalon. In English. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOOD — By C.P. Taylor. Cameri production, directed by Ron Ronen. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GROS CALIN — Emile Ajar's play translated, adapted by and starring Niki Nital. (Jaffa, Hasimta, tomorrow and Tuesday at 10 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (King David Hotel, Sunday at 9.00 p.m.; Hilton, Little Theatre, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

CLASSICAL GUITAR — With Yoel Akion. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yoel Salomon, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; with Avner Strauss. Zorba the Buddha, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — With the Megama Duo. (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DANCE FREE — Dance improvisations to music. (Tel Or, 1 Habimah, Sunday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Flavour of Israel dances. Pa'amai Teyman folkdancers. Khalifa drummers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12a Emeq Refaim, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — By Hillel Mitelpunkt. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 7 and 9.30 p.m.; Small Hall, Wednesday at 7 and 9.30 p.m.; Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — By Jonathan Gofen. Directed by Izik Weingarten. (Beit Lessin, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 9.30 p.m.; Holon, Cultural Centre, tonight at 10)

THE LESSON — By Ionesco. Directed by Tami Lederer. (Hasimta, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LITTLE INVASIONS — Tragic-comedy based on the works by Baclav Havel and Pavel Kohut. Translated and adapted by Niki Nital. (Hasimta, tonight at midnight)

NOISES OFF — By Michael Frayn. Cameri production. (Cameri, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

THE PATRIOT — The Theatre Group in a satirical cabaret by Haroch Levine. Directed by Oded Kotler. (Neve Zedek Theatre Centre, tonight at 9)

SILENT THEATRE — Pantomime with Pablo Ariel. (Hasimta, tomorrow and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

TASHMAD — Written and directed by Shmuel Hasfar. With Yigal Ganan, Shlomo Toledano, Nadav Ben-Yehuda, Hana Azula. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

YIDDISH AND HEBREW FOLKSINGING

— with Danny Ziff. (Plaza, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIEL ZILBER — (Moudon Shablul, Dierzgoft Centre, tonight)

ARIK LAVIE, MAZZI COHEN & YOEL LERNER — (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tonight and Monday)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Holon, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — Written and directed by Dan Almog. (Beit Lessin, tonight at 9.30, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THEM — Directed by Joe Chaikin. Presented by the Theatre Group. (Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA — Musical by Brecht. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

A JEWISH SOUL — By Yehoshua Sobol. Habimah production. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 4.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD — By Mark Medoff, with Yehoram Gaon, Yola Rosnick and Ruth Geller. (Rishon Lezion, tonight at 10; Kiryat Yam, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Ashdod, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FILUMENA — Comedy by Eduardo de Filippo. Habimah production. (Carmiel, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday)

GETTING OUT — By Marsha Norman. Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, Beit Ha'am, tomorrow)

GOOD — (Yehud, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Kfar Menahem, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Ein Hared, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE PATRIOT — (Hadera, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

TASHMAD — (Hertzliya, Cultural Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

(Continued on page C)

Jerusalem Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONJO in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067.
Fri., Jan. 7 at 2.30
Double Feature:
Break To Victory
Sharky
Sat., Jan. 8:
Love Story 6.30
Gone With The Wind 8.15
Sun., Jan. 9:
Break To Victory 7
Sharky 9
Mon., Jan. 10:
Gone With The Wind 4
A Crazy Daddy 8
Love Story 9.30
Tue., Jan. 11:
A Crazy Daddy 6
Gone With The Wind 8
Wed., Jan. 12:
A Crazy Daddy 6
Gone With The Wind 8
Thur., Jan. 13:
The Jazz Singer 6.45, 9.15

EDEN
RAIDERS OF THE GOLDEN COBRA CHEST
4, 7, 9

EDISON
5th week
The giant cinema hit
A Steven Spielberg film
E. T.

HABIRAH
PUPPY LOVE

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun., Wed., Thur. 3.30
CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG
Tue. 6, 8.30
M.A.S.H.

KFIR

5th week
GOOD LUCK
Today at 2.30
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
6.45, 9

ORGIL

2nd week
BORN TO VICTORY
* MARK SINGER

ORTON Tel. 222914

Science created an unchained terror.
Now, Chuck Norris must destroy him.

SILENT RAGE

* CHUCK NORRIS
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733

2nd week

BANANA JOE
4, 7, 9

RON

2nd week
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
4, 6.30, 9

SEMADAR

3rd week
REDS
Sat. 8
Weekdays 8

SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYENIHA'UMA
TEMPEST
6.30, 9

Tel Aviv Cinemas

ALLENBY

Israel Premiere
Tonight at 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30



THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER

Based on the novel by Rebecca West
* JULIE CHRISTIE
* GLENDA JACKSON
* ANN MARGRET
* ALAN BATES

BEN YEHUDA

All quiet on the Western Front
Based on the novel by Erich Maria Remarque
* RICHARD THOMAS
* ERNEST BORGINNE
* DONALD PLEASANCE
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

5th week
FAME
Tonight 9.45, 12
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

Closed for renovations

DEKEL

3rd week
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
STILL OF THE NIGHT
* ROY SCHEIDER
* MERYL STREEP

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10: Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
FIRE FOX
Sat. 5.30
ESCAPE FROM BEAR ISLAND
Tonight and weekdays midnight:
Sex film

ESTHER Tel. 225610

2nd week
A charming film for the entire family
IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I COULD HEAR
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS

111 Hayarkon St.
Michel Piccoli Month
Sat. 7.30
LE MORS AUX DENTS
Tue. 7.30

LE FANTOME DE LA LIBERTE
The winning lottery ticket at the Festival Mondial De L'Image
Sole Myrène is: 1996. The owner of this ticket is requested to contact the French Embassy: 03-249666, ext. 318.

LEV I

2nd week
THE NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO
A Paolo and Vittorio Taviani film. Cannes film festival special award.
Friday 10.00 p.m., Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

13th week
East Wind
HAMSIN
Tonight 10: Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR

2nd week
Victor Hugo's
LES MISERABLES
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Today 2.30 p.m.: MARATHON-MAN
Tonight 10.12:
WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE.
Sat. 11 a.m.: SUPERMAN I

MAXIM

4th week
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
Sat. 5.30; weekdays 4.30
אז מען גיט - נעמט מען

MOGRABI

2nd week
Tonight 10
Saturday 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORLY

8th week
A LITTLE SEX
* TIM MATSON
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

4th week
SHE DANCES ALONE
"Dynamite"
Hollywood Reporter
"Inspiring"
L.A. Times
Today 10 a.m., 12 noon; 10 p.m., 12 midnight
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PEER

6th week
* TIMOTHY HUTTON
(Academy award winner - Ordinary People) in a new, dramatic film
A LONG WAY HOME
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF

5th week
PRIVATE POPSICLE
Today 8.30, 10.30, 12.30 (midnight)
Sat. 7.15, 9.15, 11.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15
Sat. 11 a.m.: ROAR

TAMUZ

5th week
* TARZON
Today 2.30; Sat. 1.15, 11.15
WHAT?
Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Thur. 4
INDIAN WARRIOR

TCHETET

2nd week
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HERITAGE

2nd week
A super comedy
IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I HEAR
* MARK SINGER
* SHERRY BELFONTE
4, 6.45, 9

AMAMI

Woody Allen in his finest comedy
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX
7, 9

ARMON

5th week
Steven Spielberg's
E.T.
THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL
No complimentary tickets
4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON

2nd week
A super comedy
IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I HEAR
* MARK SINGER
* SHERRY BELFONTE
4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

The musical of all time
WEST SIDE STORY
* NATALIE WOOD
Music: Leonard Bernstein
Sat. 6.15, 9; Weekdays 6, 9

GALOR

10.26
BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI
12.4, 8
HIS NAME WAS HOLY GHOST
KEREN OR
2nd week
Weekdays (exc. Tue.) 6.30, 9
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
Fri. 2, Tue. 9
2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY
Matinees at 4, Mon. and Wed.
FLASH GORDON

MORIAH

2nd week
The year's best comedy
EATING RAOUL

ORAH

7th week
4, 6.45, 9
DEAD END STREET
* YORAM GAON
* ANAT ATZMON
* GILA ALMAGOR

ORION

6 nonstop performances, from Friday
Sexy film
FLIGHTY GIRLS
Adults only

ONLY

2nd week
East Wind
HAMSIN
6.45, 9

PEER

3rd week
VICTOR VICTORIA
* JULIE ANDREWS
* JAMES GARNER
* ROBERT PRESTON
4, 6.30, 9.15

RON

5th week
* SAPHIR
ESKIMO LIMON 4
4, 6.30, 9

SHAVIT

6th and last week
A LONG WAY HOME

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.30
12th week
Continuing with Blake Edwards' smashing success!
VICTOR VICTORIA
* JULIE ANDREWS
* JAMES GARNER
Mat. 4, LA ZIZALLIE

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2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY

ISRAELI composers, like contemporary composers everywhere, have to fight the mistrust or ignorance of the powers-that-be and of the public at large in order to get their works heard. But it should be a matter of policy to introduce new works by local composers and to include Israeli compositions in programmes.

Israeli composers will now have a better chance of getting their works performed, thanks to a new project of the Yehoshua Rabinowitz Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art. The foundation — which for several years has encouraged Israeli composers by commissioning new works and publishing records with Israeli chamber music — will provide a hall with a good grand piano, free of charge, to a composer — approved by a committee — who provides the artist or the ensemble to perform his works.

Interested composers can submit their scores to the foundation, 29 Idelson, Tel Aviv, 65241 (telephone: 03-657030, 03-650920).

Official encouragement helps, though it does not provide inspiration. This came to my mind last week while listening to a visiting choir performing music by their countrymen. Their government allows huge sums to a foundation, which has published hundreds of scores and printed thousands of recordings of their national composers without having produced one outstanding composer of international importance.

The selections heard were devoid of inspiration, though they were performed with all the devotion and commitment as music by better composers. Of all Israel's music-performing groups, only our choral groups present many original settings and folklike arrangements of Israeli music, here and abroad.

Chance for composers

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm



Marvin Feinsmith: a family weakness for unusual instruments. (Aviram)

SOME YEARS ago, the Public Council for the Arts offered prizes for the performance of Israeli works by individual artists and instrumental groups. Such opportunities are sure to encourage more local composition, since it is most important for a composer to hear his music performed and to learn from the "live" experience.

At the same time, of course, this encouragement opens the door for many beginners, and for charlatans who hide their lack of ideas and inspiration behind contemporary gimmicks, write intelligent-looking scores and give esoteric and metaphysical explanations about their intentions. They respond aggressively when critics dare to chal-

lenge their "emperor's new clothes."

Two months ago I dared to express the opinion that the selection of certain compositions for a performance abroad did not seem very representative of serious Israeli composition. One of our readers, Mrs. Dvora Shurman, took exception to my attitude and wrote, "I thought perhaps that living in Jerusalem you are not in touch with today's trends." I can only answer that even in Jerusalem today's trends are known, but I happen to heartily mistrust these — fortunately short-lived — extra-musical experiments.

More selectivity and activation of judgement regarding these new trends and talents might produce fewer new scores, but might also prevent disappointment and heartache afterwards when the pieces are rejected not only by critics but by responsible musicians and audiences at large.

MUSICIANS have a tendency to wander all over the globe in search of better employment and more interesting jobs. Some of them, after years of wandering, return to a certain place or country which has retained its attraction. One of those people is Marvin P. Feinsmith, who has rejoined the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra this season — after a 12-year separation — as double bassoon.

The family seems to gravitate towards unusual instruments; Marvin's father Samuel played the bass-clarinet with Toscanini for 27 years in New York. Samuel's engagement with Toscanini's orchestra included performing in youth concerts on Saturdays. Being an observant Jew, he tried to be excused from this, but management refused.

Having to provide for a large

family and being badly in need of the job, he consulted his rabbi, who advised him to take it. And so, Samuel Feinsmith would walk several hours each way whenever there was a Saturday concert in order to observe at least one *mitzva*.

MARVIN studied music at Juilliard and Manhattan Schools of Music, has played principal bassoon with several orchestras in the U.S. and spent the 1968-70 seasons with the IPO as double-bassoon. In 1972 he joined the Denver Symphony Orchestra.

He has composed three film scores and music for television. His "Pirkei Avot" Symphony, written on commission for the Denver Orchestra, was premiered there in 1975. His symphony "Isaiah," for bass-baritone and symphony orchestra, was performed first by the Kansas City Philharmonic in 1979, and two years later by the Denver Symphony. I heard a cassette of this performance and was very much impressed by the forceful writing. Feinsmith wants to promote his music here, and should be given a chance to do so.

He has come here with his wife and three children and means to stay. Let's hope his expectations are fulfilled.

THIS WEEK, the Fredonia State College Chamber Singers, conducted by Dr. Donald P. Lang, arrived from New York for a number of concerts. The 36 singers will present music from the Renaissance to the 20th century, including folklore, jazz and children's songs. They performed last week in Jerusalem, at the Goldstein Youth Village and at the ICCY. Another 11 concerts will take them to rural settlements, the Weizmann Institute in Rehovot, Petah Tikva and Beersheba. □



(Walter Kani)

Bordering on brilliance

CURTAIN CALL/Marsha Pomerantz

MEREDITH MONK happened to a couple of hundred people in Israel this week, and at least some of them will never be quite the same again. Her work made me feel I'd rather participate in it than write about it.

Monk is in her 40s, but looks about 12: small, slight, squint-eyed, with a lot of energy, warmth and intelligence. She seems to sail over some of the traditional fences between dance, theatre and music with something more than "talent."

Besides that, she plays the Jew's harp with aplomb. She is based in New York, where she does plays, films and happenings with a company called The House. The House sets itself up in the oddest of places — the Guggenheim Museum, parking lots, lofts, streets. There is no proscenium involved, but the performance space is often marked off, for instance by a mini-bus travelling its perimeter.

But to start a little closer to the beginning: Monk's first medium was music. Her great grandfather was a cantor in Russia; her grandfather, in the same trade, moved to the U.S. Her mother sang commercials. And Meredith sang and danced at a very early age, she says: "I was very uncoordinated as a child, so my mother sent me to dancing school." Later, she studied at Sarah Lawrence, a women's college which emphasizes the arts. It was then that she began to combine her singing and dancing with theatre.

One day last week I got a glimpse of what that combination — or transcendence of the separate media — might mean. She was giving a workshop at the Bat Dor studio in Tel Aviv, for about 40 Israeli actors, directors, dancers

and other performers of various ages, shapes and sizes. She seemed determined to cure them of prejudices instilled by their training. One at a time, she had them do this exercise in front of the rest of the group: "Walk into a space, and by your face and the way you walk in, show us what kind of a space it is — mountain top, room, desert, etc."

The temptation was to convey the message by movement or attitude. Yisrael Gurion, an actor with training in mime, used the expression on his face to show us that he was in an elevator going up. But what she wanted was to be shown "psychically, not physically," what the space was. "It's really almost a Zen exercise," she said. "An exercise in lack of ego."

Someone joked that that was not the thing to do with actors. "That's not my attitude toward performing," Monk said.

Later she added: "A really genius dancer is a really great person." Genius is "not literally in the body, but in the being, or something like that."

THE U.S. Cultural Centre brought Monk to Israel, and the Israel Centre of the International Theatre Institute helped arrange her life during the visit. Since it was apparently unwieldy or too expensive to bring the rest of The House as well, we had to make do with a black-and-white videotape called *Ellis Island* and a colour film of a performance called *Quarry*. But if the film of *Quarry* was so powerful, I can only wonder what being at a live performance is like. Both were shown at the Israel Museum this week.

Ellis Island is easier to understand perhaps because its shape is given

by a specific place and history. It was taped at the huge immigration centre in New York, which used to be the first stop for the masses struggling to be free and is now owned by the National Parks Service and is open to tourists with cameras.

In the tape, "immigrants" of various nationalities are displayed, alongside the measuring rule used by archeologists to give scale to photos of artifacts. There are dance segments, shots of tourists and their guide barging in, recorded "explanations" you can't really hear because they're played simultaneously in English and one of several other languages. There are head-shots of immigrants behind a sheet of glass which is being labelled in crayon. All to indicate the absurdity and the trauma of examinations to determine the worthiness of potential Americans. It ends with a New York weather report on the radio — so banal once you're "in."

Quarry is more complex, difficult and moving. It takes place in a huge, empty indoor space, and at first seems to be about a lonely little girl's fantasies of omnipotence.

At the centre of the floor, under a quilt, lies a little girl with braids (Monk) who announces, over and over, "I don't feel well." She's in the company of a sympathetic maid and what seems to be an unsympathetic mother who keeps calling her "dear." Around the girl, at the four corners of the space, are vignettes of "ordinary" people — three girls at a table, an older couple, an "Old Testament" couple, and a woman sitting alone, near a photo of a sailor.

These ordinary lives are gradually altered; changes of mood are indicated by the entrance of people holding huge "clouds" on poles.

Dictators of various kinds come on the scene, and are followed by hordes of people in blue work-clothes, moving together like clockwork. The man who has been documenting life with his flash camera now comes to mark chalk Xs near people who are to be eliminated. Later he rushes in madly to erase the evidence. The Old Testament couple turn into Hasidim; they and the other old couple are required to drop their jewelry and wallets.

Gradually it becomes clear that the whole world depicted in *Quarry* "doesn't feel well." Monk later explained that she saw *Quarry* as "a meditation on World War II, and a metaphor for war in general." Since she herself was a child during the war, she felt that the most honest way for her to deal with the subject was through the eyes of an American child.

AFTER THE films and a slide description of some of her other work, Monk gave a vocal concert of her own compositions, singing syllables and occasionally words, either unaccompanied or with piano. Some pieces conjured up the desert of New Mexico, others evoked old age with laughter and pain, another was a funny piece of coquetry.

There are certain sounds for certain tones, Monk explained. "The voice has its own language... If you don't use language, you don't have language problems."

Whether she's dealing in "simple" sounds or building a complex syntax of people and props, Monk seems fearless about using what's at hand and inventing what isn't.

A kind of genius. Or something like that. □

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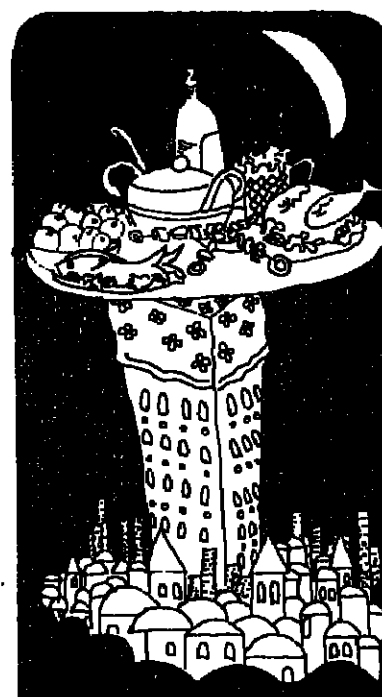
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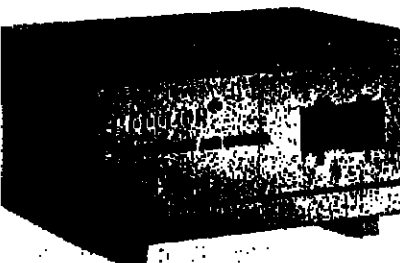
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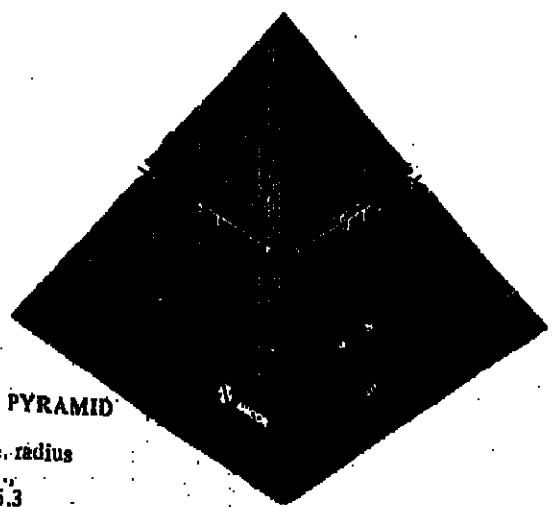
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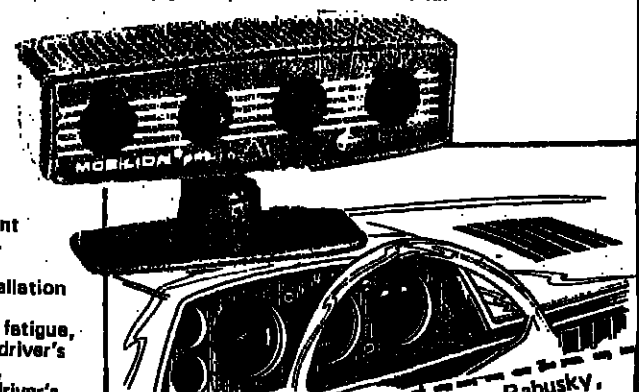


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I MET this pleasant young man in a country of the civilized West, where he had come to see me on behalf of the Culture Mag of a large radio station, never mind which. He was very decorous, this young reporter, very polite, and very embarrassed. He sat, put a list of prepared questions about Art & Lit on his knees, and shakily pressed the buttons on his tape recorder.

"My first question, sir, is whether recent events have had any influence on your writing."

"Which events?"

"Recent..."

The young man dropped his eyes and was silent. I was silent too.

"I mean," he broke it at last, "this business in Lebanon."

"What business?"

"This... you know..."

ANOTHER brief pause. I try to guess his age. Twenty something. A decent young man, born a clean dozen years after the overthrow of Nazism in Europe.

"Excuse me," I say, "the subject of this interview was to be literature, if I'm not mistaken."

"Certainly, sir."

"Then let's talk books. Let's talk about modern Hebrew poetry."

"Very well, sir," the young man readily agrees. "Did any of the poets in your country write about those events?"

"Which events?"

"In the refugee camps..."

His eyes shift again, his fingers strangle the mike.

"I mean," he clears his throat, "this massacre."

He licks his lips on "massacre" as though liking the taste.

"Whose massacre?" I enquire.

"The massacre of Palestinian women and children."

I ask about the identity of the perpetrators: who are they?

The young reporter stares into space.

"I'm asking you who committed this mass murder in the refugee camps. Who?"

The young man says nothing.

"I'll ask you one last time: who are these killers of women and children? Who - are - they?"

No answer. I look at my inter-
viewer. An open face. A nice young man of good family, no doubt of it.

"It was a bloody massacre," he explains for my benefit. "A fearful massacre."

"Who perpetrated it?"

He fumbles with his notes.

"It was a brutal act of revenge," he mutters, "this dreadful massacre."

"Brutal revenge by whom?"

THE REELS of his tape recorder turn with a gentle swish. The reporter's lips are compressed into a thin straight line. I have seen those tight lips before. Long, long ago, in another country of Europe.

"Young man," I say to him, "you may consider this interview terminated unless you tell me who did the killing in those camps."

The sweat breaks out on his forehead. He is on his third cigaret-
te.

"It hasn't been settled yet." He takes a deep breath. "You have this commission of inquiry investigating Begin's part in the massacre. I've also seen pictures from a UN display; a demonstration against the massacre in Tel Aviv, with slogans in English about Begin and Sharon being murderers like Hitler."

His cheeks are flushed, his hands tremble. He's having a bad time.

"Do you know what you're saying?" I flare up. "Did you ever hear about mass demonstrations



And how's your massacre today?

Ephraim Kishon

against Hitler? Did he ever order an inquiry to be held against himself and his cabinet under pressure of public opinion? Right, there's been grave negligence on our part, an unforgivable lack of judgement, and those responsible will be brought to account. But can't you see that what is happening in Israel today isn't fascism, as you imply, but the opposite - democracy in the highest sense of the word?"

A sarcastic smile appears on the young man's face. He pulls hard on his cigarette.

"Sharon admitted in your parliament that he had supported the massacre."

"Where did you get hold of that one?"

"It was in a TV feature on the massacre, sir."

Aha. Sharon, you may remember, informed the Knesset at the time that Israel had for years been supporting the Phalangists, who committed the ruthless killings in the refugee camps. That same evening, nearly every television station in Europe, along with the most respectable papers, reported with admirable brevity: "Sharon admits: I supported the massacre." Like that. Word for word. I saw it with my own eyes.

IT'S MY TURN to take a deep breath.

"My friend," I tell the reporter, "let's say Sharon gets a high from murdering women and children. Do you think an old pro like him would up in the Knesset and broadcast it to the TV cameras of half the world?"

The reporter squirms. He's got Timmerman written all over him.

"You lit up the camps for them during the massacre."

"For whom?"

"For the massacre perpetrators."

I feel the blood rushing to my head.

"Say 'Christian Phalangists' just once, goddammit!"

The reporter keeps silent. Like hell he'll say it. Phalangists. Christian. Not him. His lips are narrow, bloodless.

Translated by Miriam Arad
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

THIS WEEK Mabat played down the enthusiastic mutual slaughter that is providing the Lebanese with so much wholesome fun in Tripoli and the Shouf Mountains. This restraint may have been due to a commendable desire not to rock the frail bark of peace that is trying to put to sea in the stormy Middle East; on the other hand the omission may have been caused by the technical difficulty of getting Israeli crews into action with Phalangist Christians, non-Phalangist Christians, Sunni Moslems, Alawite Moslems, something Druse, other types of Druse, something atheists, other atheists and all the other varieties of embattled Lebanese, whose identification badges I never knew or have forgotten.

It was hard enough for Israel Television to get shots of the IDF going into action in Lebanon, so we can hardly complain if they don't show us the killings in Tripoli.

I am also not certain that we want to see what the Lebanese are doing to each other. After all, one of our subsidiary and kindly objectives in Operation Peace for Galilee was Operation Peace for Lebanon. The idea was that we would help our little northern neighbour to find inner harmony, so that she could make a viable peace - and do business - with us. As the British imperialists found out before us, trade follows the flag: Gideon Patt, the Minister

The prototype trap

TELEREVIEW/Philip Gillon

of Industry and Trade, told us exultantly on television how much business we have done with the Lebanese in the wake of the war.

The news shots we are seeing, and those which we are not seeing, made me realize how much we Israelis are prisoners of the prototypes we have established for ourselves. Because television consists basically of the pictures we see, with the sound we hear acting as a supplement, the essence of television news is simplicity and instant identification. In this respect it is exactly like the soap operas and other series we see, which portray goodies and baddies, men in white hats and men in black hats, J.R. the nasty and Bobbie the saintly. On the news, as well as in the other programmes, we want to establish identities with ease, precision and clarity.

EVER SINCE we discovered Major Sa'ad Haddad, the Lebanese Christians have been the good guys. In fact, we have always complained bitterly that the Christians of the Western world have left it to us, the

Jews, to protect the Lebanese Christians from the vicious Moslems.

We have three alternative prototypes which we think of instantly, like a conditioned reflex, whenever we hear the word "Christian." If anything nasty is said in the West about our political decisions or military actions, a "Christian" at once equals a Spanish inquisitor masterminding an *auto-da-fé* or a Cossack engaged in a pogrom.

The second prototype is the righteous Gentile who saves Jews and gets a tree in return. This type is irrelevant to this discussion.

For Lebanon we use our third prototype. This "Christian" is a cultured gentleman, who looks rather like us, is steeped in Western culture, loves doing business, enjoys watching belly dancers in night clubs, and is desperately anxious to live at peace with us, if only the nasty Moslems and Druse would allow him to do so. His passion to trade with us is so great that he engages in it even when we are reluctantly bombing his cities.

It was belief in this prototype, apparently, that actuated the IDF when they countenanced the Phalangist entry into the camps on Black Roosh Hashana.

The reality seems to be very different from the prototype. Your Lebanese Christian, just like your Lebanese Moslem and your Lebanese Druse, is the most bloody-minded, quarrelsome, martial, bellicose and aggressive character in the entire Middle East, with the possible exception of the Iranians.

If we abandon all our prototypes and preconceptions, one important fact emerges: Lebanon is no place for a nice Jewish boy.

OUR BLACK and white news service reached its nadir in Tuesday night's presentation of the Knesset debate on the motions presented by Elazar Granot and Tewfik Zayyad. On my screen the shots ranged from very dark to very light, with occasional flickers. There may have been objective reasons for this poor photography, such as the weather or the restrictions imposed by the Knesset on cameramen. Whatever the explanation, however, I am sure that it would not have been needed had the scenes been shot in colour.

On the whole, with one or two notable exceptions, our Knesset members are not selected for being photogenic or pulchritudinous.

They have many sterling qualities which inspire the confidence of the voters - or, rather, of the central committees of the parties that appoint them - but beauty is not considered an essential attribute in those who run our lives.

Nevertheless, they are real people, not comics in an old Mack Sennett film. Yet that is what they look like on television. Either the news should be presented properly, or the Knesset, to preserve its dignity, should ban cameras.

MOVING Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* to our day and to Scotland was a very good idea, except that I could not believe for a moment that the Scots would care a hoot in hell about the health-giving qualities of the waters of a spa. Ever since the 11th century, they have had a cure for all the physical and spiritual ills of this world in *uisge beatha*, the water of life, eventually shortened to *whiskey*. So how they could possibly be persuaded to start bottling water or worrying about whether chrome was getting into it I could neither understand nor imagine.

Apart from this reservation, I thought that Ibsen survived the shocks of moving through space and time very well. His theme - the stupidity of the majority - although somewhat anti-democratic, seemed to be a valid one for our own day, age and country.

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Sat. at 7:30 pm: *The Blues Brothers*,
9:30 pm: *Tommy*, Ken Russell
Mon. at 5 pm: premiere of *Prophecy*,
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7 pm: in large hall - short films
from the Comtunde Kino, Frank-
furt, collection, brought by Hilmer
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Festival founders, part A
in small hall - *The Love of Jeanne*
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9:30 pm: *Baravento*, Glauber Rocha
Tues. at 4 pm: *Tom Thumb*
7 pm: *Morgan*, Karel Reisz
9:30 pm: *Rebel without a Cause*
with James Dean
Wed. at 7 pm: *Rashomon*, Kurosawa
9:30 pm: in large hall - *Ganga*
Zumba, Carlos Diegues
in small hall - short films from the
Comtunde Kino collection, part B
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Chaplin shorts* - part B
9:30 pm: *Mia Nudi Chez Maude*,
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Fri. at 2 pm: *Arthur* with Dudley
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No.27: Cello Sonata No.2, Op. 5,
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An Hour with conductor Pierre
Bernard – Berlioz: Balthazar et le Petit
Pain; Debussy: L'après-midi d'un
Fauve; Dvorak: Symphonie No.9;
Mahler: Das Lied von der Nachtigall;
Mozart: Concerted Harp, Karel; Une Banque
de Notes.
Children's programmes:
Notes on a New Book
by Maurice Strakosky
Was Mozart murdered? (part 2)
Thaimid lesson
Introduction to the Oral Law
for programme on Jewish
University
Moneytree: Inconoscenza di Pop-
Zurich, Harnemann
Boris Barman, piano – Haydn:
Sonata No.24; Liszt: Lullaby, St.
Polka
Jazz

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Good Evening from Jerusalem

Army

Morning Sounds
University on the Air — Dr. Tamar
University on the Air — Awakening African
Incident
— 707 — with Alex Ansky
[DIF] Moming Newsread
Right Now with Rafi Reshef
A Musical Request — with Shira
Israeli Winter — with Eli Yarseli
6 One and to the Point — midday
zine — Hours — music, anecdotes, in-
views and reviews
5 Four in the Afternoon — Hebrew
5 [DIF] Evening Newsread
8 Foreign Affairs Magazine
8 Foreign Affairs Magazine
8 Foreign Language Hit Parade
10 Malat Newsread
15 University on the Air (repeat)
15 Popular songs — with David

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This Week in Israel The Leading Tourist Guide



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Bezelel Teachers
The Tip of the Iceberg No. 1 - 19th century French drawings and prints from the Museum's collection
Open Eye - design by Sandberg
Primitive Art from the Museum's Collection
Touch - exhibition for children
Toys and Games of the Ancient World - at the Rockefeller Museum

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Hanukkah Lamp - early 17th century, Poland
Japanese Miniature Sculpture
Model of a Shrine - pottery, ancient Moab, 9th-8th century BCE
Small Figurines of Humans
Clay Jug and Juglet

EVENTS

CONCERT
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CONCERT

Saturday, January 15 at 20.30
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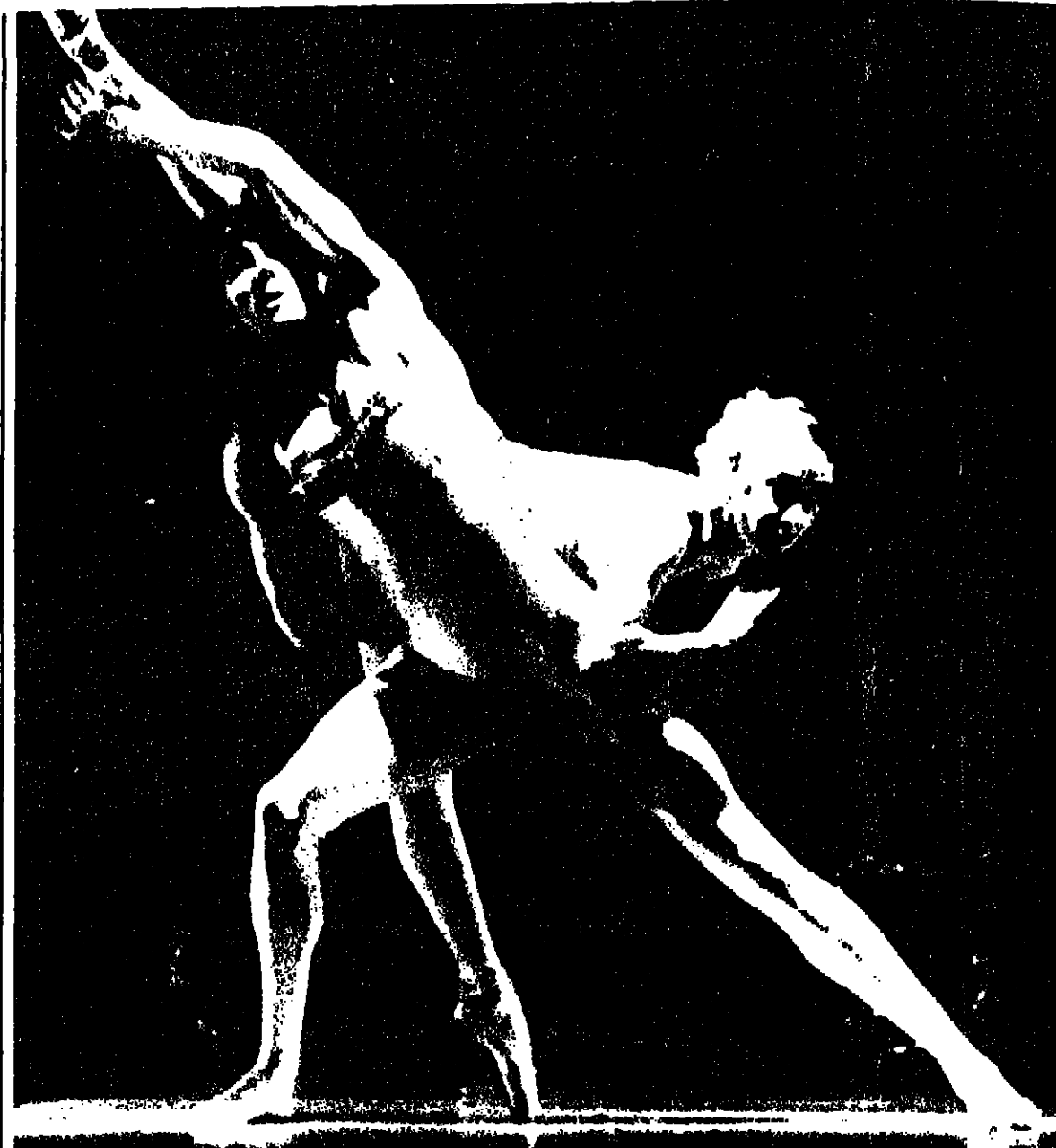
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GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-13; Tues. 16-20
TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, La'bi and Castel; Jerusalem - Klatim



ANY DANCE COMPANY with as many good men as the Strasbourg Ballet (Ballet du Rhin) has something to boast about; but it was a mistake to open the programme at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv on December 30 with Balanchine's *Four Temperaments*. This stylish work, with music by Hindemith, requires utmost sophistication and panache, and the company didn't seem to have yet found its true legs (so to speak) on this stage. Movement was deliberate rather than confident, staid rather than sparkling. It didn't help that some girls had heavy-looking thighs in their white tights under black leotards.

Only in the ensemble sections did the performance take on gloss - as when a quartet of girls came forward with a proud pushing of the *pointes*. One man in particular (Stefan Imbert), and a girl (Silvy Chartier), raised the tone - though it was difficult to discover from the inadequate programme who was dancing what.

The company showed its mettle with *Rara Avis* (music: Handel and Marcello) by the Cuban choreographer Alberto Mendez. There was not one "rare bird," there were three - Laurence Rollet, Claude Agrafeil and Sylvie Sainclair. In extraordinary lifts by groups of men, they often looked as if they were flying - the first as a sleek blue bird, the second white, lively and fluttering, the third, in yellow, held up in strange positions with astonishing steadiness.

In Serge Lifar's *Roméo and Juliet* (music: Tchaikovsky), two of the specially billed principals appeared: Chantale Chazee and Jean-Paul Gravier. Though not notable for elevation or speed, Gravier had the polish and presence of experience, and Chazee, daintily and

Opening error

DANCE/Dora Sowden

light, had a fluency that suggested a Kirov dancer. They were charming together but they did not generate star quality, and the finely honed *pas-de-deux* had an unnecessary ending that gave the audience a wrong cue for applause.

Another Mendez creation, *Primavera* (music: Riccardo Drigo), burlesqued standard ballet moves. It was funny, frivolous and frolicsome, with Tania Delcros and Richard Duquenois especially making clear that their comic falls and twists were due to superior technique, and not an accident. The company here was at its best; the girls quivered prettily as summer (or spring) flies, the boys moved splendidly. There was one grotesque moment when the ballerina was carried out upside down, and her legs formed a rod for two men carrying her! Yet I found the joke over-extended, and longed for more of the straight classical forms in which the company seemed so capable.

IGAL PERRY, the Israeli choreographer, is back after a year's absence. He was last here to create new works for the Bat-Dor Dance Company, and now he has returned to do work for the Bat-Sheva Dance Company (premiere, January 9). In the past year he has been working in the U.S., teaching in New York, and teaching and choreographing at the

Jacob's Pillow summer courses. He plans to start his own studio in New York. "It is an ambitious project but I have backing," he told me in Tel Aviv. "At the Peridance Centre I shall be teaching and choreographing too, but I shall be coming here, of course, as often as possible."

I understand that all types of dance technique will be taught in five studios by several teachers, and that the aim is also to form a small modern company.

Perry has used Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* for *Autumn*, his new work. The Bat-Sheva programme for performances at Habimah is called *Winter Games*.

EVEN WHEN Meredith Monk uses other art forms - and she uses them all - she "thinks dance." This was one of her observations after a performance at the Israel Museum on January 2, when she showed slides of her works, discussed some of them, sang some of her music and answered questions.

In the two films shown before she gave her "concert," the most striking passages were those involving dance or dance-like movement. In *Ellis Island*, an agglomeration of scenes about what the island was, and is, the most memorable shots were those where white-clad figures moved in asymmetrical but rhythmic pattern. In the more elaborate *Quarry*, which she called a "meditation on World War II," the choreography of the march and acrobatics, which symbolized the regimentation of the period. Her choreography here as elsewhere was mainly surrealistic, and at its best employed a "poetry of the senses." "When we are singing we are really also dancing," she said.

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Stark images

THE Taviani brothers, Paolo and Vittorio, once described their film-making career as "paddling a boat with one oar. If you want it to go straight ahead, you have to paddle once to the left and once to the right." Which doesn't mean that they switch, with every new film, from one political opinion to another. They have been identified with the Italian left from the beginning, and they are still committed to it. What it does mean is that the brothers prefer to alternate styles, move from one genre to another, search for new ways of expressing themselves within the boundaries of film in order to deliver their own personal message.

This should be enough of a warning to prepare you for *The Night of San Lorenzo*, a film that is vastly different from *Padre Padrone*, their only other film ever shown in Israel. Released in English-speaking countries as *The Night of the Falling Stars*, its plot-line is based on real events, yet it is not a documentary. The subject is definitely political, but it is dealt with on a human level, which most political films tend to ignore. And, probably the most difficult part to swallow, for audiences conditioned to move along with definite characters inside a story, to identify with heroes and see things through their eyes, is the basic construction here, which doesn't focus on individual people but considers a group as the main character.

The night of San Lorenzo is commemorated by Catholics on August 10; and the events that took place on that night, 38 years ago, to the Taviani family and to the people of San Miniato, comprise the basis of this film. (Incidentally, the Taviani once produced a documentary on this subject; it was one of their first filmmaking efforts.)

Facts here are filtered through the strange process that is human memory, with its tendency to forget some details and enhance others; and, given the artistic imagination

CINEMA / Dan Fainaru

and temperament of the Tavianis, they are shaped into a sort of folk tale with general human and historical relevance.

IN AUGUST 1944, American forces driving north in Italy approached the small Tuscan town of San Miniato (referred to in the film as San Martino).

The Germans and the fascists, on their way out, did their best to leave as much wreckage as possible behind them, and as the American guns were heard over the horizon, a rumour spread that the retreating armies intended blowing up most of the town before they left. It didn't take long for the population to split in two: some believed the best thing to do was to take shelter in the cathedral, which surely wouldn't be touched; others decided to set out on foot and march towards freedom, symbolized of course by the Americans.

The film follows the events, both in town, where some of the people stayed, and on the road, where those who fled were hunted by Italian fascists who considered them traitors to be jailed and exterminated, even at that late date, when defeat was already obvious.

The whole thing is presented through the eyes of a mature woman, reminiscing today about that distant time when she was a six-year-old girl. There is a certain amount of innocence in the approach to people and characters, the original innocence of the girl combined with that special glow which we tend to give to dramatic events in our past. The result is part idealized truth, part embellished fiction, and part truth.

The only comparison that comes to mind is Eisenstein's classic *Battleship Potemkin*. Both films deal

with groups of people, both use a kind of musical montage for a gradual build-up to a climax, both use historical events as starting points, and both throw light on a specific case and reflect on a much wider spectrum of things.

Still, the differences are enormous. Eisenstein's rigorous style, his perfectionism, his development of every detail, his scientifically didactic approach to the whole work, his militant fervour and the enormous apparatus and time at his disposal, made it possible for him to produce what is certainly one of the masterpieces of world cinema, a finely chiselled, sophisticated, premeditated piece of inflammatory propaganda.

THE TAVIANIS, being Italian, are more hot blooded, less prone to premeditation and much less calculating. They are endowed with Verdi's impetuosity, lyricism and sense of the dramatic, but also with his penchant for the melodramatic, his predilection for powerful effects. And how could Verdi's name be avoided when his *Reguine* appears predominantly in several spots through the film.

Unlike Einstein, the Taviani's don't have a scientific mind that weighs carefully the golden cuts between point and counterpoint; and yet, instinctively, they approach a similar treatment of subject-matter, with the help of music, by juxtaposing pastoral peacefulness and bloody battles, idyllic moments and sudden death, sublime music and dastardly deeds.

Obviously, most of the actors aren't professionals, at least not in cinema; some of the reactions are overdone, some of the dramatic effects may be considered too suggestive. But these are mere details, unimportant in the general picture - the combination of image and sound is too strong not to carry anyone along who is sensitive to film art as such.

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page K.)
Furthermore, some very basic truths are told in this movie, which may not be as palatable as one would like. To begin with, all the horrors perpetrated against the citizens of San Martino are initiated by Italian fascists — people who grew up in the same town, neighbours, friends, school chums, sometimes even family.

This is a nation torn apart inside, without any help from external forces. The only image of the German army one gets to see here is that of a defeated unit, dejectedly retreating, wounded, broken, following a bus pulled by a pair of horses.

The ease with which one can transform a normal population into a band of homeless refugees is frightening; and the inability of the Church to offer any moral or physical assistance is striking.

One more thing. As terrible as all this no doubt was, there was a dimension of greatness, of heroism, that inspired the people to acts they would never have dared in time of peace.

War is hell, but the kind of hell in which people get a chance to distinguish themselves, and average individuals shed some of their inhibitions, even if only because they fear it is their last chance at life.



(Above) Bud Cort and Max Van Sydow in 'She Dances Alone.'

Using rough stock to shoot their film, and avoiding anything that might turn the Tuscan countryside into material for a travelogue, the Taviani achieved a stark image of a landscape burned by the August sun, exposed to too much light, pitiless and unrewarding; and the definition of the people in it just hazy enough, at least in long shots, to make everybody part of a general picture instead of focusing on one component. Following them through this trip is a poetically inspired experience, different from the usual fare. Those endowed with sensitivity for films will find it most rewarding.

SOME FILMS have to be accepted on their own terms, or not at all. *She Dances Alone* is one of them. It started as a documentary, got stuck in the middle, and turned out into something that is most difficult to define — neither documentary nor fiction; the story of a director despairing of making any sense of his subject, with an actor playing the part of the director; a film about dance; in short, an original foray into several realms of cinema at the same time, all of it constructed around the tempestuous personality of one character, Kyra Nijinsky, the daughter of that greatest of all ballet dancers, Vaslav Nijinsky.

The film stands or falls, depending on your reaction to ebullient Kyra, sixtyish, the most egocentric person you could imagine, infuriating, charming, tormented, tormenting and utterly different from everyone else. She has the genius of her father, but neither his talent nor his physical prowess; she has the temperament of an artist, but not the achievements; she is an eccentric who refuses to conform and has been lucky enough to find a way of surviving as she is.

The memory of her father, his enormous shadow, are a burden she

has still not learned to carry.

Director Robert Dornhelm, who thought she would be just a step in his research for a documentary on the life of Nijinsky, found himself smitten with her, doing a film about her exclusively, with actor Bud Cort (Harold in *Harold and Maude*) playing the distraught director who tries to impose some sort of discipline on the individualistic Kyra.

As I said, your reaction to the film will depend entirely on your feelings towards Ms. Nijinsky. If her histrionics get on your nerves, you'd better leave quickly; on the other hand, you may find her truly fascinating, in spite of — or because of — all her peculiarities. In that case you will not only remain seated, but will also join director Dornhelm in his quest for the mechanism that makes the lady tick.

Needless to say, the film is a long series of questions with very few answers. Sometimes, looking into a mystery is more exciting than unravelling it, and this is the case here. Besides, you will discover an amazing dancer, Patrick Dupont, a soloist of the Paris Opera, who is permitted to offer only glimpses of his talent in sequences representing Kyra's memories of her father; but judging by what he does, very few can hold a candle to this relatively unknown ballet star.

DEVOTEES of tinned mushrooms should be careful to steer clear of the Kerem luxury dining room in the Jerusalem Hilton, lest the mushroom soup served there put them off canned fungi forever.

While we'd normally consider the name "elixir of wild mushrooms" an extravagant title, in this case it is entirely appropriate. The magic potion concocted by chef Avi Bruch and his fellow alchemists in the hotel's kitchen is delicate and delicious, simply a super soup.

It is the marriage of convenience between the elegant *chamignon* and its poor cousin, the *oranol*. The former, a button shaped fungus with plenty of snob appeal, can be found in your local greengrocer or super; just look for the astronomical price tag. The latter can be picked up, for free, under almost any tree in a young pine forest, particularly in the Jerusalem or Galilee hills. (You should be, however, careful what you pick.) The soup is also quite simple to make, as we'll soon see.

BUT FIRST the Kerem, which not so long ago served as the hotel's dairy restaurant. Until the management decided to reshuffle things, assigning to the compact Kerem the elegant role previously played by the much-larger Hanna room.

The switch necessitated some redecoration, which hotel manager Dan Barkai told me had not yet

Fabulous fungi

MATTERS OF TASTE/Hanan Sher

been completed, and a new menu. The changed bill of fare shows strong *Nouvelle Cuisine* influences.

Choosing a first course was difficult, as usual. After some pondering, we decided to skip the speciality of the house, a home-made goose liver *paté*, and the sweetbreads in puff pastry in favour of veal brains, *escargot* style. Served in a plate with six "compartments," the brains came in a sauce redolent in garlic (I don't recall a sauce being redolent with anything but garlic.)

I had reason to believe that my companion would choose the smoked salmon. She did, and was predictably pleased by the delicate flavour of the pinkish fish.

The rack of lamb stuffed with spinach, in mustard sauce, seemed an attractive main dish. But it only came in portions for two. So in the interest of obtaining a wider sampling of main dishes, I ordered medallions of beef, flambéed in whisky and ground black pepper at table side.

I told the waiter I'd like my meat on the spicy side, which may have

been a mistake. The sauce was tangy, but it overwhelmed the flavour of a good piece of meat, cooked to a pinkish-red medium rare.

My companion was very happy with her choice, stuffed file of beef with morel sauce. The stuffing, she noted, was goose liver. The meat came with roast potatoes and a grilled tomato.

Stuffed as we were, we couldn't resist some dessert. My companion opted for a simple melon cocktail, while I went overboard with the crepes *suzette*. As might be expected in a kosher meat restaurant, the non-dairy sauce was only an adequate substitute for the real thing. The coffee was good, but not outstanding.

With our meal, we had two Montfort wines — Sauvignon blanc with the first courses, and Cabernet Sauvignon with the meal.

One other word about the menu is in order. The Kerem is not for the budget-minded. First courses are in the \$7-\$10 range; main dishes run from about \$15 to over \$20.



ALTHOUGH chefs usually are reluctant to disclose how they do things, I was able to obtain Avi Bruch's mushroom elixir recipe, at least in an outline form.

For six servings, chop up 200 grams of "American" celery, one onion and a bit of carrot. Fry the onion and the cubed vegetables in some oil or margarine, then add 50 grams of well-washed *oranol* and 200 grams of *chamignon*. (The *oranol* will be bitter unless they're

very well washed). Fry some more. Now add about 1½ litres of stock, which at home could be made from powder or cubes. Cook about an hour over a low heat.

Extract a few of the cooked *oranol* before you put the whole business into the blender, and toss them back in after you've made the entire mixture smooth and uniform. The mushroom "nuggets" are pleasant surprises in Bruch's magic broth.

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Moderator: Yaron London
B'nai Zion Auditorium, Wednesday, January 12th, 1983, at 8.30 pm.

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Part-score drama

BRIDGE/George Levinrew

South would have been well advised to make an SOS redouble asking for a rescue. In two clubs, North-South would have been set one trick. One spade doubled cost 500, when South managed to take only five tricks.

Deal 1
Val: N—S
North
♠ 8
♥ 10 7 5 4
♦ 8 5 4
♣ 9 7 4 3

Deal 2
Val: Both
North (D)
♠ 10 9 8 5
♥ 5 4 3
♦ 7
♣ 6 3

Deal 3
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 4
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 5
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 6
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 7
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 8
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 9
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 10
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 11
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 12
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 13
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 14
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 15
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 16
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 17
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 18
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 19
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 20
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 21
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

a normal overall; it turned out to be a disaster. There could be no rescue operation on this deal, nor would a take-out double instead of south's two diamonds have led to a better contract. The only "safe" alternative to the two diamonds would have been a pass, considering the vulnerability and the fact that North, as dealer, had passed.

The play was noteworthy for the perfect cooperation on defence by East and West. The opening lead was the singleton spade, which East, in order to make a suit preference signal, won with the ace. The spade king was continued, confirming the signal. This was ruffed by South and over-ruffed by West. The requested heart was then led to the ace, followed by a trump to dummy's queen. Now came a club to the queen by South and ace by West.

The defence continued with the diamond jack to the ace. Declarer cashed the club king and led a club to West's ten, overtaken by East

with the jack. South and West then allowed the spade queen to hold the trick. The club nine held the next trick, with West making the spectacular discard of the heart king. This allowed East to win a trick with the heart queen and lead a spade, promoting West's ten. The 1,100 points penalty was an absolute top.

Deal 1
Val: N—S
North
♠ 8
♥ 10 7 5 4
♦ 8 5 4
♣ 9 7 4 3

Deal 2
Val: Both
North (D)
♠ 10 9 8 5
♥ 5 4 3
♦ 7
♣ 6 3

Deal 3
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 4
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 5
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 6
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 7
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 8
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 9
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 10
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 11
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 12
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 13
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 14
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 15
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 16
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 17
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 18
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 19
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 20
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 21
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 22
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 23
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 24
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 25
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 26
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 27
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 28
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 29
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 30
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 31
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 32
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 33
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 34
Val: N—S
North
♠ 10 8 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ 9 6
♣ K J 4 3

Deal 35
Val: N—S
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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem Museums

Israel Museum, Exhibitions: Permanent Collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology, Primitive Art from the Museum Collection; Open Eve. design by Sandberg; Touch, children's exhibition; Basal, 1906-1920; Art of Hebraic Teachers; Tip of the Leaning No. 1, 19th century French drawings and prints from Museum collection; Toys and Games of the Ancient World (Rockefeller Museum); Wonderful World of Paper (Paley Centre); Special Exhibits: Islamic Armour, Iran 17th-18th century (Rockefeller Museum); Japanese Miniature Sculpture, Netsuke and Inro, 18th-19th century; Hanukkah Lamp, early 17th century; Poland: Model of Shrine, pottery 9th-8th century B.C.E.; Small Figurines of Humans, Nahal Oren limestone figures, early Neolithic period; Clay Jug and Juglet, Middle Canaanite period HA (early 2nd millennium B.C.E.); Galerie: Vision Nouvelle, Khazari Hayotzer, Y.S. Hamiche, Original prints by international artists, Tel. 02-619064, 280031.

Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David — The Citadel. Open daily 8.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun-Thur. 9.00, 11.00 a.m., 1.00, 3.00 p.m. Nightly (except Friday and Holiday) in French: 7.30 p.m. German: 8.15 p.m., English: 9.00 p.m. Permanent Exhibits: Ethnographic Dolls "Jerusalem Characters," Yemin Moshe Windmill Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.

The Touro Synagogue, Permanent Exhibits on Jerusalem: Divided and Reunited in restored former military outpost, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-3 p.m. (1 Hat Hindsda St.)

Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6 Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helchal Shalom. Permanent Exhibition of Judaism. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Exhibition of Jewish Ceremonial Art created in silver by Carmel Shabi. Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

Tel Aviv Museums

Tel Aviv Museum, Exhibitions: Adolph Gottlieb (1903-1974) — A Retrospective (ends Jan. 10); City and Art; Dizengoff House; Tel Aviv, Early Photographs; East or West, Architecture in Israel 1920-1933; Collections: Israeli Art 1960-1980; Classical Art from the 17th and 18th centuries; Impressionism and Post Impressionism, 20th Century Art in Europe and the United States; Archipenko, Early Works (1910-1921). New Exhibition (opens 17.1.83) at 7 p.m. Arman, parade of Objects, Retrospective 1955-1982.

Visiting Hours: Sat. 10-2; 7-10, Sun-Thur. 10-10. Fri. closed.

Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: Sun-Thur. 9-1; 5-8 Sat. 10-2. Fri. closed.

WHAT'S ON

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Jerusalem

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1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Buses 9 and 28.
2. Mount Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Bronfman Reception Centre, Sherman Building. Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 02-882819.

American Mischel Women, Free Morning tours — 4 Alkalat Street, Jerusalem, Tel. 02-694222.

Tel Aviv

CONDUCTED TOURS: American Mischel Women, Free Morning tours — 4 Alkalat Street, Jerusalem, Tel. 02-694222.

WIZO: To visit our projects call Tel Aviv, 332939; Jerusalem, 226060; Haifa, 89537.

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The Annual Samuel Paley Lectures in American Culture and Civilization
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Professor Michael Kammen, Newton L. Farr
Professor of American History and Culture, Cornell University
on:
Memory and Amnesia in American Culture

First Lecture:
THE PROBLEM OF MEMORY AND TRADITION IN AMERICAN CULTURE: ORIGINS
Monday, January 10, 1983, 8.00 p.m.
Van Leer Institute, Jerusalem (courtesy of Van Leer)

Second Lecture:
THE DEMOCRATIZATION OF TRADITION AND THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE AUTHENTIC NATURE OF CULTURE IN AMERICA: 1910-1946
Thursday, January 13, 1983, 4.30 p.m.
Humanities Building, Room 2718
Mount Scopus

Third Lecture:
THE PROBLEM OF HERITAGE AND NOSTALGIA IN AN AGE OF ANXIETY: 1945-1983
Monday, January 17, 1983, 4.30 p.m.
Majorsdorf Faculty Club, Room 502
Mount Scopus

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Artists who wish to take part are requested to contact the Museum in order to receive the registration form, by calling 04-523265/8; or by writing to:
The Haifa Museum of Modern Art, 26 Shabbetai Levy St., Haifa 33043.

Jerusalem Municipality
Culture Department
Division for Jerusalem Prizes
Jerusalem Prizes 5743-1983
The Jerusalem Municipality is pleased to announce the granting of the:
★ **Rishon Lezion Rabbi Uziel Prize for Tora and Jewish Thought Literature**
★ **Shai Agnon Belles Lettres Prize**
The prizes will be awarded for works written in Hebrew, published during the past five years and including at least 5 gilyonot dfus.
Four copies of the proposed works should be forwarded to this Culture Dept., 2 Rehov Hayel Adam, Jerusalem by Monday, 22 Adar 5743 — March 7, 1983.

AHARON SHULOV is a quiet man. His voice range extends from whisper to murmur. He has soft brown eyes, and a broad elfin grin. He can be a perfect gentleman — cultured, hospitable, generous. And this is the way most people know him.

But Aharon Shulov can also be a tiger. Indeed, during his nearly half-century as director of Jerusalem's Biblical Zoo, he developed a very special regard for these great striped felines. Birds of a feather, they say, or at least cats of the same stripe.

Now Aharon Shulov is 75 years old, and there is a rumour that he is retiring. But that rumour has been floating around for about a decade, perhaps longer. The board of directors may put a younger man in charge of the present zoo, in Romema, but it's likely that the newcomer will have to listen to Prof. Shulov for some time to come.

Shulov built the zoo. He raised the funds, pushed the architects, delivered the animals and somehow developed the whole institution from a tiny courtyard at the old Hadassah Hospital on Rabbi Kook Street back in 1939.

Can such a man simply retire one day, walk out the main gate and not look back? Unlikely. Indeed, Jerusalem's dean of zoology has some pretty specific plans for what he thinks ought to be done at the Biblical Zoo during the next few years. His plans are by no means modest.

"MY BIGGEST dream is to rebuild Noah's Ark," he reveals with unabashed glee. He has it all worked out, right down to the last cubit of gopher wood. A mere \$2 million will prepare the animal kingdom for the next deluge.

"The idea has been accepted," he said. "We have a rabbi who has great knowledge of the Ark. And we have an architect, and plans. We only need the benefactor... still have great hopes for it, and I want to take part in building that Ark!"

When Shulov wants something urgently enough, he usually gets it. So Jerusalemites should not be surprised one day to see an enormous wooden boat being hammered together among the evergreen trees of Schneller Woods. It will be a sight difficult to miss for the professor's plans call for a vessel of half-scale. Where Noah's Ark was 300 cubits long (about 150 metres), Shulov's will be a mere 150 cubits — 75 metres. He'll need a football field for a drydock.

Prof. Shulov just happens to have a spare football field available.

In recent years, the Jerusalem Municipality needed to shave a few dunams of land off one corner of the zoo. The quiet, elfin-grinned zoologist negotiated. He lost those few dunams. But then he gained nearly three times the amount of lost land on the opposite side of the zoo. A lovely spot to build an Ark.

Once the great structure is built, the professor wants to fill it with the wild ancestors of domestic livestock. Wild goats and wild sheep will stir upon its timbers, and wild chickens will crow upon its rafters. The concept extends beyond the biblical heritage and also embraces the cultural history of all civilization, for here, in the Middle East, Neolithic people domesticated nearly every domestic animal we know today — goats, sheep, donkeys, cats and dogs.

We walk along the path — a flat and arrow-straight stretch which is precisely how the Turks build it in the last century. It was part of their rail spur from Jerusalem to Ramallah.

"Haim!" the professor calls out. An enormous tiger shakes his sleepy head, yawns widely and stares down

A tiger and his tale

Well past the normal retirement age, Aharon Shulov is as tenacious as a big cat protecting its cubs when he talks about the future of his Biblical Zoo. BILL CLARK reports.



aside and snatches a bit of litter from the ground, mumbling something inaudible. And this is something unique about his personality. Aharon Shulov might have all the titles (doctor, professor, director), but he still acknowledges the value of labour and the need for tidiness. He likes to participate — whether in making monumental decisions, or simply keeping litter from collecting on the ground. He is totally involved in his profession.

We walk along the path — a flat and arrow-straight stretch which is precisely how the Turks build it in the last century. It was part of their rail spur from Jerusalem to Ramallah.

"Haim!" the professor calls out. An enormous tiger shakes his sleepy head, yawns widely and stares down

at us from his rocky perch. He is one of at least eight such specimens which Shulov has hand-reared at the zoo.

"The tiger is among my favourites," Shulov admits. "I have a special feeling for them. I also have a special feeling for our native Israeli animals, the ibex and the gazelles. But the tiger is extra special."

Haim stands, stretches and yawns again, showing us his spectacular white teeth. He is one of the largest tigers alive.

FURTHER down the path, we come across the wolf yard where a pair of these intelligent canids are frolicking in the sunshine. The professor recalls that wolves have been part of the Biblical Zoo from its first days,

when it was in the centre of town. In fact, they are part of the reason why the first zoo had to be relocated.

It seems that wolves like to howl, and Shulov wolves learned a special howl. They learned to imitate air-raid sirens.

The professor recalls that at the most unlikely hour — usually during the pre-dawn silence when most Jerusalemites were drifting comfortably through dreamland — the wolves would go into their air-raid siren routine.

After losing a few nights' sleep, Shulov's neighbours rallied against him. They would suffer no more nights in bombshelters because of the professor's howling canines. The zoo packed up and moved to Shmuel Hanavi Street which, at that time, was on the edge of a desolate

wilderness. A wonderful place for wolves to howl.

OLD-TIME Jerusalemites have many Shulov stories. They'll recall the marauding monkeys that wreaked havoc in the city after escaping from their cages. There are stories of recalcitrant elephants plodding about, and ornery camels. And there are stories about the zoological zealot who tended them all.

And there will probably be more stories. Because Shulov has more plans. In addition to building his Ark, the professor has the idea of creating a few other biblical scenes at the zoo:

□ He wants to recreate the scene of Jacob's tents around which were gathered sheep and goats of every hue.

□ He wants to present the scene from Second Chronicles of Solomon's ships "that went to Tarshish with the servants of Hiram: once every three years came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks."

□ He wants to realize the vision of Isaiah where "The wolf shall also dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fattening together..."

Shulov has experimented with all of these, but still wants to refine his concepts and ideas. The wolf and the lamb dwelling together works as long as the wolf is young, the professor points out, but once it starts to mature, its behaviour changes and it becomes aggressive towards the lamb. Perhaps it's a matter of training, he muses, or manipulating the process of imprinting.

"This is part of what our zoo should be," he says. "Its purpose is to educate. You know, the university has first-year students in zoology who can't distinguish between a fox and a jackal. These are things that must be learned."

"I started as a teacher. I'd like to continue, and end, as a teacher."

WE HIKE back up the hill, past some deer and buffalo, until we come to an aviary where an ancient Griffon Vulture is dozing. The great bird is known as *neshar* in Hebrew, and English translators inscribed it in their Bibles as "eagle."

Job, who was one of the most gifted naturalists of antiquity, knew this great bird very well. He knew the Griffon was independent, that it established its home area and never wandered too far. "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock and the strong place."

Shulov's Griffon is much like Job's — independent, yet attached to its home. In 1948, when the zoo was on Mount Scopus, near the Hebrew University, snipers from the Arab Legion shot nearly 200 animals there. Towards the end of that period, Shulov decided to free as many animals as might survive in the desert, and the Griffon, being native to Israel, was one of them. He shooed the bird out of its cage to the freedom of the skies.

But the Griffon knew its home. Somehow, it understood its place was in the zoo, and it refused to leave. Now, the 42-year-old bird is still part of the zoo.

The professor claims kinship to tigers. Perhaps so. But there is also kinship to the great Griffon. The time to retire passed a decade ago, but Aharon Shulov simply will not fly away from his zoo. □

Photograph by Dr. J. Finkelman

A Palestinian-Israeli meeting

Meir Ronnen

AN EXHIBITION OF paintings and a few sculptures by both Jewish and Arab Israelis and Palestinian Arabs, dedicated to "a just peace and co-existence," is, apart from the admirable sentiments expressed, a disappointing affair, at least from an art point of view. Much of it is provincial and mediocre.

Any activity — cultural, social or political — that provides a common ground and common interest for Arabs and Jews, is more than welcome; and this show is no exception. But any future shows will have to go beyond the amorphous. There doesn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to this one beyond the peace gesture: the *melange* is an enigma. One suspects that the organizers (The Haifa and the North Branch of the Israel Artists Association) were simply glad to exhibit anyone who was willing to participate.

A preamble to this show signed by half the participants points out that it affords Palestinians an opportunity to show their work, something evidently denied to them in their own towns and villages for lack of facilities. There is also a mention of "free expression" but that is a moot point. There isn't any really pointed political art on view; most of it, on both sides, is folkloristic or decorative.

The Jewish presence in this show is, the gesture aside, superfluous. What interests me, as a gallery-goer, is to see what Arab artists are doing these days; one also suspects that there is more protest art somewhere.

WHAT CAN the Israel Artists Association do for Palestinian Arab artists? It can provide them with a regular framework to exhibit their work to Israelis. It can help them form their own association, one which will help them win venues and audiences among their own people. It can guide them in organizing thematic and didactic shows. I, for one, would be interested to see a show of Arab contemporary paintings alongside the calligraphy, textiles and other objects on which they are based.

Above all, however, the Association can help inculcate the idea that good painting is based on universal values, on values that are not the prerogative of any one people. Not that I want to suggest that Arab artists should forgo political, nationalist or simply ethnic themes. But they, like many Jews exhibiting in this show, still have to grapple with the fact that what makes a painting interesting has more to do with how it is made and put together than what it represents. The medium is not the message. The message is not necessarily art.

THIS SHOW is a disappointment on several counts. A number of Jewish artists refused to participate because of the views held by the other participants, one of which is expressed in the preamble: that Arab artists have a perfect right to express their desire for an independent Palestinian State. Some of the Jewish participants have painted kitschy peace symbols or Arab villages; and still others installations vaguely suggesting destruction. Still

others have turned in works that are purely abstract or violently expressionist in a way that has nothing to do with co-existence in this context. Confusion of standards, styles and intentions reigns complete.

OF THE Arab participants, I was particularly impressed by a charcoal drawing of a grotesque skeletal couple by an Israeli (Druse?) Assad Elzi of Shfaram, Nabli Anani (Ramallah), Kamal Muan (Nablus) and Karim Dabbagh (Ramallah) all do highly competent decorative, folkloristic work, the latter showing the only black and white painting in the show. Suleiman Mansour (Ramallah) has a strong work compounded of cyphers for landscape and script, which has a tapestry quality to it as well. These artists, all obviously influenced by Palestinian embroidery and applique, would all make excellent gobelin tapestry designers. (Jerusalem Artists House). □



Jean-Leon Gerome (France, 1824-1904): "Jew at the Temple of Solomon," pencil (a study which Gerome later turned into a rather anti-Semitic caricature in a subsequent painting; see left) and now on view at a show of French 19th century master drawings at the Israel Museum's I.M. Cohen Print Gallery. Represented are Impressionists like Pissarro, Monet, Manet, Renoir, Sisley and Signac, as well as Decamps, Delacroix, Dehodencq, Daumier, Gavarni, Cezanne, Lalanne and others. The show is the first in a planned series entitled "Tip of the Iceberg," in which parts of the Museum's submerged collection will be displayed in various contexts. Other parts of the "Iceberg" may be viewed in the Graphics Study Room, which is open to the public Sun. Mon. Thurs. Fri.: 11.00-13.00 and Tues.: 16.00-20.00. Till end March.

Escher's co-existences

Ephraim Harris



nected basically by the essential linearity common to them and his own art; and the deeper he becomes involved in worries over the infinite, he succeeds in maintaining contact with the world ("Still Life and Street" (15) among others).

That brings us to the nature of his vision, as to whether it contains illusion, certainly, but, without concrete information, it also delusion or traces of neuroticism, is harder to say. Imaginary and impossible architecture happens in anybody's dreams, a possible symptom of a built-in desire for order. "The Sinking Cathedral" could have been suggested by a visit to Venice; for the 1956 "Graphics Gallery" he could have known about, or seen the plans for Wright's Guggenheim Gallery in New York — in both instances he has an artist's right to transform them for his own needs. There is nothing to contradict a complete lack of sophistication which would accord with the picture of a man fascinated by mathematical arcane and

simultaneously by humanity and its world. All we can say is that they co-existed in his mind and, when balanced together to see how far they would take him, became rationalised, preserving his sanity, placing his art among the most intricate and outstanding graphics of the century. (Museum of Modern Art, Haifa.)

YIFTACH BRAKIN shows paintings on paper in mixed technique (gouache, superlac and panda) and also a little wood sculpture. Most of his paintings are said to have been sketched from inside a moving car and later worked up. The resulting formalisation introduces the abstract element through superimposed linearity, shading, depth and, above all, by the sense of direction and movement conveyed by the positioning of motifs. At the same time, realist landscape motifs, especially trees, remain identifiable, leaving his creations suspended between two basic styles of painting. One exhibit, resembling an aerial view, consists of meticulously drawn rectangles of different sizes on green, one rectangle in white suggesting an expanse of water and the whole like a plan of some landed estate. Here might be the point where the painting ties up with the abstract wood sculpture. However, the latter is disappointingly banal, except for a red banner hanging from the top of a pole, similar to those in Japanese prints. ("Graphics 3" Gallery, Haifa). Till Jan. 13.



Yiftach Brakin: pencil drawing on superlac ("Graphics 3," Haifa).

YAFAR LANDA shows landscape and flower serigraphs planned to obtain colour effects similar to those on textiles; since only a single copy results, they are classed as monotypes. However, her method removes the sheen from the colour, dulled from nearby and best seen at a distance; though this applies more to the landscapes which have their own compositional character, like

the storm clouds (5) and breadth of landscape (7) in which the road down to the lake splits the painting in two and thereby widens the pictorial results, they are classed as monotypes. In her flowers pieces the emphasis is on selected blooms rather than the usual bouquets; note the yellow flowers on a slant (16) and the arrangement of 17. (Small Gallery, Beit Rothschild, Haifa). Till Jan. 5. □

FOR A generation of intellectual Jews now in their fifties, Koestler was "untruthful and outrageously immoral, yet he was a sort of lodestar for young people like me," according to a colleague at *The Jerusalem Post*, who added, "as far as my generation goes, Koestler is the God that failed."

Koestler is a Jew who didn't like the Jews; but he fought the Zionist battle for a quarter of a century, until the state of Israel was proclaimed. At that point, he had the unmitigated gall to recognize what others did not seem to recognize — that the Zionist goal had been achieved, that the miracle had actually occurred, Zion was a fact of life. And most Jews who wanted to go there could go or stay in their own nations while remaining friends and supporters of Israel, or they could do as Koestler did, wish it well and say, bye-bye baby.

But no Jew can get off the hook that easily. Especially since Koestler's undoubtedly twisted views about the Jews led him in his old age to write such garbage as *The Thirteenth Tribe*, which even embarrasses his biographer, Mr. Hamilton (who devotes all of two paragraphs to that 1976 best-seller, which tries to prove that the Ashkenazi Jews never were near the Mediterranean but were really Khazars).

Lord Moynie, in his day, also promulgated the theory that Ashkenazi Jews were a mongrel race with no connection to the ancient Israelites — yet most of the Jews of Palestine lamented his assassination. So why should Koestler slur?

As a reporter—lies and all—he dwarfs everyone else who has ever written about the making of Israel. *Promise and Fulfillment* is a thoughtful, illuminating masterpiece of analytical reportage.

Like all pilgrims, Koestler is a fool — and a saint of sorts. His trail is the twentieth century, and he has tasted Marx, Freud, Einstein, Jabotinsky, authoritarianism and art, yodis and commissars, Zionism and psychedelics. Along the way, he has written over 30 books on a wide variety of subjects, from hanging to the struggle for Hebrew independence to "call girls."

BUT HE was always the quintessential Central European intellectual. Arthur Koestler was born in Hungary in 1905 and educated in Vienna, the city of politics and culture, of Herzl, and Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler and Freud, Wittgenstein and Schoenberg.

Like Joseph in *Thieves in the Night*, Koestler can be described as a many-coloured bird. By chance, he became a newspaperman — at 21 he got a job as a foreign correspondent in Palestine for the most powerful German publishing house — the Ullsteins, the Jewish family enterprise that was *The New York Times* of Weimar Germany, and much more, and which would become one of the Nazis' favourite targets.

Just before he became a journalist, Koestler was a typical enough university student who, like some of the early Revisionist and Irgun leaders, joined a Zionist duelling fraternity at the University of Vienna — a society in which a Jew could prove himself to be as good at fighting, carousing and womanizing as any German bo-man.

He had no Zionist background but soon came to believe that the only cure for the sickness of being a Jew was to Return to the Earth — to have a country like other peoples. He soon became a militant

Fool and saint



KOESTLER A Biography by Iain Hamilton. New York, MacMillan. 398 pp. \$19.95.

Louis Rapoport

Revisionist, who would at the same time be caught up in the contemplation of more ethereal matters: basically, Einstein versus Jabotinsky.

From 1924 until 1948, Koestler was a Revisionist with God on his side. This doesn't really go over too well with his biographer, whose comments on Zionism are a bit facile and uninformed, (although in general this book is a good introduction to Koestler). Hamilton, for example, blames Jabotinsky's "militant triumphalism" for the "terrible events which were to lead... to Israeli expansionism."

A rather humorous remark, considering that it was the sworn enemies of Jabotinsky who governed Israel in 1967, that infamous year of expansion. In 1926, Koestler, for some romantic reason, went to Palestine, and became a member of a commune, Hefziba, where his Revisionist background did not make him exactly welcome. He was asked to leave five weeks after his arrival. After working in Haifa at various odd jobs, he went to Berlin to set up an international headquarters for the Revisionists. To his chagrin, he was sent back to Palestine as Ullstein's correspondent.

In 1929, fed up with life in the backwater of Jerusalem, he was summoned back to Berlin and became Ullstein's chief science writer. He took a new religion, Sovietism, three years before Germany converted to Nazism. He came back to Palestine in 1936 to cover the Arab riots, and gathered material for his novel *Thieves in the Night*.

Koestler learned — and disdained — the Hebrew language, and when he went to the Promised Land, the Soviet Union, he learned Russian. Not your average foreign correspondent...

It is difficult to concentrate on "Koestler and the Jews" when his life was so highly influenced by subjects other than the Elephant Question.

BIOGRAPHER IAIN Hamilton knows what deserves fuller treatment, and what should be skipped over as rapidly as possible. For this is a complex human being, who is bright and brave, a horny hedonist,

a man who was almost executed by the fascists while covering the Spanish Civil War, imprisoned by the French for not having the right driver's licence, so to speak, a man who joined the Foreign Legion, escaped to liberal England (whose jails he also came to know), flirted with Catholicism, boozed with Sartre and Camus and became fast friends with Malraux and Orwell.

Orwell and Koestler have much in common, although without a doubt Orwell always has had more moral standing than his close friend. Both had seen the heart of the matter in this century, the question of slavery or freedom.

Koestler was a traitor in the eyes of Stalinists. And just as he is louted by so many of the Zionists, he also was anathema to many liberal-leftists, who liked to compare the fate of the Hollywood Ten to that of Bukharin, Marshal Tukachevski and thousands of others tried and executed by pipe-smoking Uncle Joe Stalin.

Koestler, a man possessed by thoughts focusing on ends and means, was always an engaged writer, and after he became world famous, he persisted in insisting that intellectuals deal with the critical questions of our time. He had no patience for the woolly, eternal liberals who lionized a Lilian Hellman while ignoring the Gulag. He earned the enmity not only of the Communists but also of Europe's Social Democrats (perhaps that's why he never got the Nobel Prize), because he chronicled the weakness of the intelligentsia in the face of totalitarianism.

Nevertheless, he continued to save the world, even if it meant getting support from the CIA along the way (Koestler's Fund for Intellectual Freedom Agency). Intellectual freedom is one of the inalienable rights of man, Koestler held.

THERE REMAINS this general antipathy towards Koestler. But so what? What if he did "sensationalize" the struggle, and "borrow" ideas without giving full credit.

Nowhere is the antipathy stronger than in Israel. Among my colleagues at *The Jerusalem Post*, there is near universal hatred for this hoary voluptuary, for this man who lived in Palestine and saw the revolution aborting and still-born, and who lamented the sweet sweet life before the Revolution.

It is Koestler the Jew, or rather, Koestler the Englishman of Hebrew origin, that inspires the greatest and most complex hatred among those colleagues and friends with whom

I've discussed him. His greatest crime was to be a follower of Jabotinsky, to whom he dedicated *Thieves in the Night* (along with Kibbutz Ein Gev's Teddy Kollek).

Jabotinsky said that once the Jewish state existed, the Jews of the Diaspora would have to choose — either assimilate or go to Israel. That's exactly what Koestler did.

Koestler was a heavy drinker, in itself considered to be an un-Jewish characteristic, and when he slugged a police inspector in France in 1950, an Israeli newspaper turned the drunken row into a moral lesson about "apostasy."

For *Promise and Fulfillment*, that brilliant book, had enraged Israeli and Diaspora Jews. So the paper commented, or rather, sniffed, that the drunken incident "shows with what eagerness he pursues his new course of assimilation."

WHEN I first read *Promise and Fulfillment* in 1972, I was already committed to immigrating to Israel. Nevertheless, I found it inspirational. And it doesn't bother me in the slightest that I chose to become an Israeli and that the author of that book chose to be an Englishman. Everybody should be free to choose. It's that simple.

But that doesn't fit in with the post-state Zionist dogma that says all Jews are members of one nation — not the nation they reside in, but the Jewish Nation. Anyone who believes this and who cucks his tongue about the decadent American Jews living in Exile, must despise Arthur Koestler, who has dared to exercise freedom of choice when Jews have no freedom — we are all condemned to live in Israel.

One needn't subscribe to Jabotinsky's belief, or to Koestler's, that it is either/or — immigrate or assimilate. There are obvious arguments. Isaiah Berlin was on target in his criticism of Koestler and others of like mind. Berlin termed it "illiberal and coercive and neither rational nor humane" to wish for minorities to disappear.

But the ingathering of all the "exiles" is nothing more than a fantasia. If one thing would ensure the end of the Jews, it would be the concentration of all of them in one place.

The Jerusalem Post, which was the *Palestine Post* in Koestler's day — never liked him very much. Even though Koestler was highly critical of Begin and Herut for its "vaguely progressive, eclectic, and colourless programme," *The Post* once ran a long editorial chastizing Koestler for his support of the Irgun.

Koestler, in reply to a nasty article about him by *The Post's* London correspondent, George Lichtheim (who later became a well-known authority on Marxism), wrote:

"... there are two ways of loving one's country, the soft and the hard way. The soft way is that of the foolish mother who believes that her child is an infant prodigy. For thirty years Zionist propaganda has been based on this type of sloppy adulation of the Palestine *Wunderkind*. Every cow... every reclaimed marsh, every stone in Tel Aviv, has been boosted as national nausaeum... And woe betide the friend of Israel who dared to suggest that the hideous architecture of Tel Aviv could be improved, or the grotesque methods of election to the country's representative bodies be revised."

"The second type of patriotism is nourished by a hard and bitter love, which experiences the shortcomings of one's country as a personal humiliation..."

No wonder he and Ben-Gurion despised each other. Today, thirty years after those lines were written, Koestler's name still brings blood to the boiling point at *The Jerusalem Post*. When I suggested that Koestler deserves the Nobel Prize (certainly more than that worthy soufite about 100 Years of Solitude), I was hooted down. "He's a lightweight," "a deceiver," "a fraud." The ultimate insult was delivered by one colleague who said, "He was a Revisionist. Anyone who could ever have been swayed by Jabotinsky can have absolutely nothing to offer."

But although all loathed his 1976 attempt to disinherit the Jews of Eretz Israel, every one of them had read some book by Koestler that meant a lot to them — *The Yogi and the Commissar*, *Darkness at Noon*, *Arrav in the Blue*, *Promise and Fulfillment*, *The Ghost in the Machine*, *Hanged by the Neck*.

ONE OF his least-known works is *Judah at the Crossroads*, in which he enlarged on the conclusions of *Promise and Fulfillment*. "To put it bluntly, it is the choice between either becoming a citizen of Israel or ceasing to be a Jew in the national, religious or any other meaning of the word."

He distorted and obfuscated a position set out by the Hebrew Committee of National Liberation of the 1940s which stated that the uniqueness of Judaism as both a religion and a nationality had to be ended, that once there was a nation, the religion and the nationality had to be separated. He too believed that the combination of nationality and religion was a major challenge to the religion itself and that it encouraged anti-Semitism. Koestler, in an article in *The Post* — in September 1948, said that the Irgun and Stern groups were "legitimate children of history," but their specific ideology was "an illegitimate offspring of Jabotinsky's national liberalism. They treat him as their patron saint, as the Russians treat Karl Marx, and with about as much justification. They have inherited the Revisionists' maximalist programme, their contempt for the official Zionist leadership, their sense of grievance, and hatred of the parties on the left, but nothing of Jabotinsky's liberalism, Western orientation and European spirit. Their ideology is a primitive chauvinism, their language a stream of emotional bombast."

Koestler's major crime was that he saw good and bad on both sides in the struggle between the "fascist Zionists" and the "Bolshevik Zionists." Those phrases are back in fashion today as the country splits into two camps.

We have lived a long time with the phrase "self-hating Jew." It should be a terrible bore by now, even if it can be applied to some persons. But to be such a Jew isn't a crime. To be an authoritarian who denies a person the right to choose which nation he wishes to belong to is a crime. The struggle of the Jews was to live in normal conditions, to have a nation, one that would be structured like any other nation while preserving its own uniqueness. If it were so, one could leave any time, without being called a "descender," a *snored*.

You immigrate to a normal country, you don't "ascend" to it. Koestler bade farewell to Israel in 1948. A third of a century later, he's still regarded as a deserter instead of a Jew who has a right to national self-determination. □

THE TITLE of Eichenbaum's book suggests that it is a Hebrew version of indispensable *Rogel's Thesaurus*. This latter work is available in a number of editions, all of which stick to the same format: an arrangement of broad semantic categories, such as abstract relations, space, and matter, which are progressively broken down into finer categories and finally to lists of synonyms. This is accompanied by an alphabetical index of words with references to the semantic categories where each word and its synonyms may be found. The idea is to find the right word by working in the opposite direction from a dictionary. For more precise information about a particular word you still have to use a dictionary. But, as Dr. Johnson said, "It is not sufficiently considered that men require more often to be reminded than to be informed."

There have been several Hebrew thesauri, most recently the two-volume *Ozar Ha-Millim* by Chaim Rabin and Zvi Radnay, which eliminates the index by putting the categories in alphabetical order with internal cross-references. The synonyms under each heading are also listed in alphabetical order. Many writers have already begun to depend on the Rabin-Radnay work whose lists sometimes really stretch the imagination.

EICHENBAUM'S thesaurus has the same basic format as *Rogel's*, but includes much, much more. He will have none of Dr. Johnson's advice. Each major category is first defined and then broken down, with synonyms in appropriate contexts or illustrative quotations from Hebrew literature. In addition, there are lists of synonyms or possible substitutions for the other words in the contexts. The correct prepositions to use are noted, as well as the style (formal, colloquial, technical) and whether the word is of Hebrew or foreign derivation.



Queen Hatshepsut. In millions of mummified monarchs and commoners, animals, birds and even insects, ancient Egypt left us a unique legacy. Paradoxically, all these corpses have enabled Ange-Pierre Leca, in "The Cult of the Immortal" (Paladin, £4.95), to reconstruct an extraordinarily vital picture of the Egyptians' daily life, social organization and patterns of health as well as their intense feeling for the natural world. A.B.

A super-Thesaurus

ARUKH HA-MASHMA'IM A Thesaurus of the Hebrew Language Arranged According to Meanings: A Compilation of Synonyms (Vol. I) by Moshe David Eichenbaum. Gibbon, Tel Khudash Publishing House, 502 pp. No price stated.

HEBREW ANNUAL REVIEW Volume 5. Ohio State University, 141 pp. No price stated.

JEWISH LANGUAGE REVIEW. Haifa University, Association for the Study of Jewish Languages, 208 pp. \$20.00.

Joseph A. Reif

The synonyms in each paragraph are in large boldface type, so it is theoretically possible to flip through the book trying to spot the right word. But the temptation to read the contexts and variations is very great, and by the time you are satisfied with a particular word you have had a lesson in literature or composition. Some of the quotations are like sentences overheard in an elevator (lift, *ma'alti*). You are tempted to go to the original source and get the rest of the story.

Given the general standard of Hebrew usage, the large number of non-native speakers who are learning to express themselves in it, and the traditional attitudes to style and

correctness, this is a work of great importance and usefulness. Since knowing the possible collocations of a word is essential to mastery of a language, it will often be more helpful than a dictionary in its precision.

THE *Hebrew Annual Review* accepts a wide range of articles of interest in language and literature studies. The current volume has articles on Biblical and Modern Hebrew, Maimonides' *Mishne Tora*, the poetry of Yocheved Bat-Miriam and A. B. Yehoshua, and the applicability of close testing for Hebrew.

One of the articles will be of particular interest to the general reader. In "Misconceptions about Accent and National Origin among Native Israeli Hebrew Speakers," Monica S. Devens describes an experiment in which Israelis were asked to identify the communal origin of other native Hebrew speakers, that is, the children of immigrants. She found that the average educated native Israeli retains little in his speech that can identify his background. Popular stereotypes concerning the speech of immigrant groups seem to have been transferred to the next generation without any basis in phonetic fact.

The articles are intended for the knowledgeable reader of Hebrew language studies. The volume is thus an addition to the studies published by the Council on the Teaching of Hebrew, which have proved to be valuable to teachers and language students.

THE *Jewish Language Review* is the first publication of the Association for the Study of Jewish Languages which was founded in 1979. The association seeks to provide a forum for the study of the languages Jews have used throughout history as part of Jewish culture, including Hebrew, which is seen as a "member of the family" and not the

sole claimant to the title. The definition excludes English, the chief language of modern Jewry, but its position is recognized by being the language of the review itself.

The *JLR* hopes to show that Jewish intralinguistics is a coherent, challenging and important field. This first volume contains articles and reviews by recognized scholars of Yiddish, Yiddish influence on Hebrew, Aramaic, Jewish Basque, and Hebrew. "Hebrew Dictionaries," by Leonard Prager, details the deliberate ignoring of Yiddish as a language by Eliezer Ben-Yehuda and Avraham Even-Shoshan.

The former tried to limit Yiddish influence in his prescriptions, and failing this he tried to minimize it by using euphemisms such as "common folk term" for Yiddish expressions. Even-Shoshan recognizes Yiddish only when he cannot find an etymon for a Hebrew word anywhere else. For example, *shrayml* is said to come from Yiddish, but *kapota* is from the French *capote*.

In the light of this, Prager's comment on Dahn Ben-Amotz and Netiva Ben-Yehuda's *Milon Olami Le-Ivrit Meduberet* — "entertaining, unprofessional, yet immensely valuable" — may contain nothing but compliments.

Another review promises "more on Even-Shoshan's deficiencies in coming issues of the *JLR*." There are other examples of frank language throughout the volume, so it looks as though the *JLR* is going to be a forum for airing academic grudges and scholarly jealousy.

According to the Talmud, this is a formula for increasing wisdom. □

THOSE who missed the opening of the Israel Bibliophiles Calligraphy class because of the snow, will be pleased to learn that the first lesson will be repeated on Sunday January 9th at 4 p.m. at Rene Cassin High School, Jerusalem. □

DAVID TOBACK was one of the nameless horde that took part in the great saga of Russian Jewry at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th centuries. He grew up in the Pale of Settlement, married at an early age, left wife and children behind while he set off for America and brought them over later. He was one of the multitudes who squeezed into steerage accommodations on trans-Atlantic ships, came to New York and lived on the swarming Lower East Side, working in sweatshops until they gradually made a place for themselves and their families in the new order.

He never distinguished himself — any more than most of the others did — in his outward accomplishments. He neither founded a company which eventually made him millions (à la David Levinsky) nor involved himself in politics, union work or Jewish publishing (like David Dubinsky or Abe Cahan). He lived a simple life, eventually becoming a kosher butcher, fathered five children, took vacations in the "borscht belt" of the Catskills and would have rested unknown in his grave but for his rare gift, which only came to light years after his death.

On Armistice Day, 1933, Toback began to write a diary — not a record of the daily occurrences in his life, but a memoir of his youth in the Pale. He wrote over a period of many years, in Yiddish, and assumed that his writing would be discarded after his death. He did, however, hold out a little hope that

Voice from the Pale

THE JOURNEYS OF DAVID TOBACK as retold by Carole Malkin. New York, Schocken, 216 pp. \$6.95.

Edith B. Frankel

maybe, even in America, where "people don't care about an old person and his memories," one of his descendants might be interested in his experiences. The wheel, he said, turns.

And indeed it did, because decades after the memoirs were written, David Toback's granddaughter, Carole Malkin, had them translated and worked them over into *The Journeys of David Toback*, which covers David's life from the age of 13 to the age of 23, when, in 1898, he set off for America.

The result is an extraordinarily readable book — one that sets the reader thinking about the common experience of those ancestors who lived in the traditional, but changing, world of the Pale of Settlement in the Russian Empire.

But Toback's gift was more than being able to write a memoir; he also had an exceptional eye for detail, coupled with excellent powers of recollection. He was blessed with a facility for making every feature of his life interesting, so that

what might have been a dull or inconsequential event in the eyes of one man becomes worthy of a whole story for Toback. His work is packed with colourful and fascinating anecdotes which add rich flavour to the tale of his childhood and youth. He was a natural storyteller.

THE CHILDHOOD recounted here is an ordinary one: a life of poverty, a father barely able to feed his large family who none the less has great respect for learning and a desire to educate David and send him to a yeshiva. Yet Toback has the ability to inject a semi-magical element into these most ordinary lives, giving much of the book the feeling of a fairytale, in the positive sense.

His characters (who, after all, were not invented) often seem archetypically good or bad — his aunt, for instance, could easily have been the witch in a children's story — and all sorts of wondrous events occur.

There is one *deus ex machina* after another, all surely of pedestrian origin but somehow endowed with mystic traits as Toback weaves his tale. Hassidic rabbi who suddenly appear with material help or advice; his great-grandfather's tell-tell, which were the catalyst for the start

of his adventures; letters which open doors for the boy; a cobbler who offers him decent boots out of the blue.

All around him is a bleak, stifling world, but he manages to escape at times into enchanted pockets — the Bessarabian tobacco plantation, his friend Moishe's comfortable home, Kishinev itself ("Can you believe that there was once a city where no Jew went hungry or went about poorly clothed? It is true such a city existed. And its name was Kishinev."). Some of these pockets, such as Mendel's hostel, possess an Arabian-nights quality.

BUT FAR from dwelling on these exceptional episodes, Toback's main story deals with poverty, drudgery, difficult personal relationships, hostility bred of dire need. It is ultimately a sad story: a boy with great intellectual promise who ended up not finishing his studies, but helping his abysmally poor family to scratch out a living.

Sadder still is the story of his marriage, a loveless match to a poor girl. Her family exploited him, she offered him little affection, and, from the few words spoken, it appears that this bright and passionate boy never fulfilled himself even in marriage. One wonders how many of our ancestors' arranged marriages were as grey and loveless as this one and what effect this had on their children. Toback's eldest daughter, Tzerl, committed suicide in 1932.

In spite of the excellent qualities

of this work, I am uneasy about the authorship. We are told that Toback's memoirs are "retold by his granddaughter," Carole Malkin. She tells us in an afterword that she not only trimmed the original diaries, but made additions, and it is more what was added than what was subtracted that worries me. I found myself wondering at various places in the text if I was really reading David Toback's own thoughts. However, this does not detract in any way from the smooth flow and readability of the book.

PERHAPS it is not altogether fair to say that Toback's is a sad story, because in the light of 20th century Jewish history it is decidedly positive. At the end of the narrative, Toback reviews some of the people he had known and loved during his youth, those who remained behind. It then becomes clear how very fortunate his life and his choices were. We see some of his friends and family destroyed in pogroms at the beginning of the century. Other relatives who remained in their native village found themselves in territory occupied by the Nazis. While he does not tell us their fate, we know what it must have been.

Thus, in some magical way, the wheel did turn: Toback's own family grew and made its way in America; one of his grandchildren did care about his memory and published his work; and his original diaries, written in Yiddish, have found a home in the Jewish National Library in Jerusalem. □

"A GENUINE higher criticism of the Bible, therefore, would be a synthesizing process which would start with the assumption that the Bible is a definitive myth, a single archetypal structure extending from creation to apocalypse," wrote Northrop Frye in 1957, in the fourth essay of his now classic *Anatomy of Criticism*.

With the completion of *The Great Code: The Bible and Literature*, Frye has begun his task. I say begun rather than completed, because Volume II is apparently on the way.

The *Great Code* is many things, but is not a biblical exegesis. The author admits, "I am not a biblical scholar," and goes on to disparage his knowledge of Hebrew and Greek. He is right, and it shows.

For Frye, the Bible is the Christian Bible. "The New Testament, in short, claims to be, among other things, the key to the Old Testament, the explanation of what the Old Testament really means." In spite of the evasive wording "claims to be" the completeness of Frye's code rests on the "wholeness" of the Old and New Testaments together.

In his introduction Frye calls the Bible a *bricolage*, "a putting together of bits and pieces out of whatever comes to hand." Later, approving Higher Criticism, he writes, "It is futile to try to distinguish what is 'original' in the Bible... the editors are too much for us: they have pulverized the Bible until almost all sense of in-

In man's image

THE GREAT CODE: The Bible and Literature by Northrop Frye. New York, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 261 pp. \$14.95.

David Brauner

dividuality has been stamped out of it."

The *Code* also rejects theology. It largely strips the Bible of God. He plays only a negligible role in the literary critic's view of the Bible. The author accepts the Feuerbach principle — "man creates gods in his own image."

This is not a book for Jews or for others who believe in the divine origins of the Bible. It is also not a book for those who look to the Bible as the source of ethics and morality ordained by God for man.

So, then, what is *The Great Code*? The answer, in a word, is typology.

Nowhere does Frye define his use of the word "types," and perhaps wisely so, since definition by its nature limits meaning. Nonetheless, I might suggest that a type is any discernible pattern or repetition in content or language which acquires significance in its biblical context.

The most common types are metaphors. These may be elemental (water and blood, fire and light), pastoral (a shepherd and his flock, a

king and his nation, God and His people), or again, the dark side of the pastoral (the scapegoat, those lost or banished from the nation).

Close to metaphor is imagery. For example, there is urban imagery as seen in dens of evil like Sodom and Gomorrah, or overblown in the holy city of Jerusalem with its Temple. The same symbols are either holy or demonic, depending on the colour of the light to which they are exposed. Types can also take the form of phases of development, such as creation, law-making, prophecy and apocalypse. Taking the law, Frye points out that the Ten Commandments of Jesus correspond in number to the Ten Commandments of Moses. Both are promulgated from on high — Mt. Sinai and the Mount from which the sermon was given. Also both are God's words, delivered by His chosen representatives on earth.

The parallels between the lives of Moses and Jesus represents still another type. In every detail the Gospel writers patterned the life of the new prophet after that of the old: twelve tribes, twelve disciples; Moses passes through the Red Sea, Jesus is baptized in the Jordan; Moses wandered in the wilderness for 40 years, Jesus wandered in the wilderness for 40 days; and so on.

Frye describes how the man starts out in the vastness of the Garden of Eden. As time goes on the sacred space steadily shrinks first to Abraham's Promised Land; then only Judah remains, then Jerusalem, then the Temple, and at the close all is destroyed. Conversely, while the nations

IN ITS language the Bible relies heavily on images that appeal to the ear rather than the eye. God's presence is made known through sound and thunder, but He is rarely seen. Even when He presents Himself to Moses, the prophet sees only His "back parts," and his eyes are covered by God's "hands." All this is to remove God from the realm of the visible, to distinguish Him from the statues that represent other gods. Likewise, notes Frye, Jesus' words "are recorded with great care," but the details of his physical appearance are left to the imagination.

Frye's approach leads to some observations which are both imaginative and insightful. In his discussion of parallelism, he suggests that this common structure in biblical verse is the origin of responsive reading: God initiates the thought in the first line and man repeats it in the next.

He concludes from his reading of the Bible that the Jewish people who produced it "were never lucky at the game of empire." Consequently, the Jews directed their thoughts to the future — to an age of peace.

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were encroaching on biblical "territory" and building empires that lasted no more than a thousand years, the Israelites produced a book. "The supremacy of the verbal over the monumental has something about it of the supremacy of life over death."

Yet Frye is out of his element, and his mistakes and omissions are due to his lack of knowledge of the Hebrew language and of religious, and particularly, Jewish tradition. In discussing the Sixth Commandment, he follows the translation of the Authorized Version: "Thou shalt not kill." The Hebrew imperative is *lo tirtach*, meaning literally "murder not" and not *lo taharag*, meaning "kill not."

In spite of the incorrect translation, he divines that "Don't kill" cannot "really" mean "Don't kill"; it only means, "Private murder is wrong because it is unpredictable and upsets established social authority."

This is right as far as it goes, but the commandment not to murder is first and foremost meant to impress upon man the sanctity of life. No individual has the authority to take another individual's life. Period. Murder is not "wrong"; it is forbidden.

Frye has provided a new, but very imperfect, key to understanding the Bible. Only with many refinements of his thesis and deeper knowledge of the meaning of the original text can he hope to unravel the literary mysteries of the Bible. □

Incredible truth

GA'ONI (Valley of my Strength) by Shulamit Lapid. Jerusalem, Keter, 266 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

resist the passionate idealism that ultimately led to the creation of a viable Jewish society here?

THE STORY told by Shulamit Lapid would be incredible if we did not know that it is more or less true, if not in every particular at least as it typifies the settlers of the First Aliya. As she herself writes: "There was an element of madness in this voyage to Eretz Israel, when she, a girl of sixteen, was burdened with an elderly uncle, an insane brother, and an infant. If she had read about a foursome like that in some novel, she would have doubted the writer's good sense."

Here Lapid has clumsily flung a gauntlet at herself which is rather awkward to pick up. Whenever I read a statement like that, I immediately begin doubting the good

sense of the person who wrote it. Why should I believe anything about the heroine of a story which she cannot believe about herself?

However, despite a certain heavy-handedness in narrative technique, this novel is engrossing and gives an extremely graphic picture of the hardships undergone by the founders of Kishit Pina. (Gai Oni is the name first given to that settlement founded in 1878 by Jews from Safad who were fed up with living on charity.)

The heroine, Fanya Mandelbaum, fled from Russia in 1881, and this novel follows her for about eight years in Eretz Yisrael. She was raised in a prosperous, modern, but religious home in Yelizavetgrad, Ukraine, where the first pogrom broke out at the end of April, 1881, after the assassination of Alexander II.

As a girl she played piano, studied modern languages, wore silk dresses and looked forward to a comfortable future. The contrast between what she expected and what actually happened to her oc-

cupies a considerable part of her psyche. The trauma of the pogrom, murder and rape, as a background to the gruelling poverty and back-breaking labour at Gai Oni, also makes up a good bit of the book's texture.

The rest is a love story, Fanya's growing self-reliance and emergence as an emancipated woman (not sexually, but in her flouting of the conventions that inhibited women from speaking up in mixed company or acting as independent businesspeople), and the inevitable catastrophes, strokes of good fortune, illnesses, recoveries, and deaths that fill human existence — a kind of "Little House in the Galilee."

A FEW historical personages, such as Naftali Herz Imber, the Bohemian poet, float through the book, and we see the first gropings of the Bilu movement.

However, the centre of the book's attention is Fanya herself, and no other character is explored as fully.

Yehiel Silex, her husband, is seen entirely from the exterior. Fanya herself can barely fathom his motives and emotions or read his inner thoughts, and the author gives

us no assistance in getting further than her character does. She has created a serious problem for herself by giving a central role to a figure so laconic and impenetrable as to be a virtual blank. We are told over and over again that he is extraordinary, and we can see it in his behaviour, but we have no clue as to how or why he came to be so extraordinary.

Lulik, the insane brother, haunts the peripheries of the novel, but most of the time he is running away, and we never see him or hear how people try to relate to him. It is as if the author placed him in the novel as a potential source of drama and then forgot to exploit him, like an undeveloped rook in a novice's game of chess.

Not that Shulamit Lapid is a novice. She has published three volumes of short stories and a book for children. Nevertheless, this work lacks the psychological richness one generally expects from novels. Moreover, I am not sure it teaches a lesson that is applicable to modern Israel or Jewish history, except for something rather self-evident like: be very brave, self-reliant, generous, and don't give up. □

Choice maple leaves

MIMIVHAR HASIFRUT HAKANADIT (25 Top Canadian Prose Writers: An Anthology). Edited by Marion Richmond and Robert Weaver. Tel Aviv, Yahdav, 291 pp. IS210.

Ruth Ogden

THE BOOK includes excerpts from the work of Marshall McLuhan and John Kenneth Galbraith, but its value for Israeli readers lies in the

fact that it introduces a score of lesser-known Canadian prose-writers whose talents deserve a wider audience.

Morley Callaghan's "Ancient Lineage," a Canadian version of *Roots* with an ironic twist, has a large, thick-ankled heroine whose proud ancestry takes the place of a lover, a wryly comical theme that is reflected in Robert Kroetsch's "The Studhorse Man," who is constantly searching for a suitable mare to prolong his stallion's bloodline.

The Canadian protagonist, perceived as an abandoned child, veering between the two extremes of dreams of glory and bitter disillusionment, is well portrayed in Robertson Davies' "David Against the Giants." This homeless child theme is also pursued in Mavis Gallant's "The Latecomer," the cruel reality of a toothless old mother and a garrulous stepfather representing the only home left to the returning prisoner-of-war.

THIS IS a literature of disillusionment that laments the unfulfilled promise given to the young country. God, it would appear, played a cruel joke which is duly

reciprocated in Margaret Lawrence's sarcastic homage, "Bless Our House, O Lord."

This crops up again in Norman Levine's "Canada Made Me," in which an immigrant cynically sums up Canada, he says, is a country afflicted with horrible weather where there is nothing to do — except fishing — that cannot be better, or more conveniently, or more easily, done somewhere else.

W.O. Mitchell's "Who Has Seen the Wind" is a very effective vision embodying the frontier experience of vast empty prairies stretching to infinity and the mystifying feeling of being on the brink of Something, yet never getting there. □

THE RECENT *Jerusalem Post* symposium on "War and the Media" was a resounding success, but it wasn't quite what I expected. I thought the subject was to be "War on the Media" and that it would be devoted to subjects like Mrs. Thatcher's stranglehold on the press during the Falklands campaign. The Leader's idea of war reporting seemed to me to be too narrowly based on Mesdames Carnay and Miller's old hymn, *I Love to Hear the Story that Angel Voices Tell*.

I had thought, too, that there would be some discussion of what I imagine must be a perfectly understandable inclination on the part of Energy Minister Yitzhak Moda'i, following *Mahat's* recent character assassination, to plant an infernal device in the TV newsroom. Of course, the minister's air of injured innocence was quite justified under the circumstances, but, all the same, I couldn't help being reminded of W.C. Fields's address to the jury when, in 1933's *Tillie and Gus*, he was accused of pumping six shots into one High-Card Harrington:

"I'm a broad-minded man, gents. I don't object to nice aces in one deck, but when a man lays down five aces in one hand... And, besides, I know what I dealt him."

The *Post* itself has, of course, been under attack since Mr. Begin's introduction of chemical warfare into the local political scene. To judge from his pronouncements, the prime minister appears to have mustered toxicology as thoroughly as Glasgow's renowned Prof. Glaister and has now classified this newspaper as a noxious substance, presumably akin in its effects to a cocktail of strychnine, cyanide and Fowler's Solution.

Mr. Begin has a special voice that he reserves for these occasions. The only way to describe it is to say that if he were to arrive at Ben-Gurion Airport I could tell which plane he was on: it would be the one that continued to whine and scream even after the jet engines stopped. This is so hypnotic that I find I'm too busy paying attention to the showmanship, so that even when he has a case he fails to persuade me. All I can think of is an old lyric of Pat Waller's:

*Liver Lip Jones,
You talk too much.
You ought to know
I don't stand for such.*

Mr. Begin, as the saying goes, should save his breath to cool his porridge; not even a real bogeyman can intimidate the free press. That now defunct organ of a County Cork township of 2,360 souls, *The Skibbereen Eagle*, boldly put Nikolai II, Czar of all the Russias, in his place on a number of occasions. A justly famous editorial of September 24, 1898, for example, hinted darkly that "the Czar had better be careful, for the *Eagle* has its eye on him still."

TELEPATHIC lady wishes to contact similar in Blotchy. — Box No. 8374.

LEAD GUYANIST (dead) seeks Gay Christian Reggae Band, with compromise. —

A NEWSPAPER, or a TV news broadcast, for that matter, is manufactured under enormous pressure of time, and journalists are forced to rely on snap judgements; while historians, who are given the perspective of centuries and have years to complete their work, find it hard enough to discover the meaning of a single episode. Even now, German and Polish scholars are locked in irreconcilable conflict

Skibbereen Eagle

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

over the influence of the Teutonic knights in the 13th century.

"Trying to determine what is going on in the world by reading a newspaper," in Ben Hecht's unforgettable phrase, "is like trying to tell the time by reading the second-hand of a clock."

I thought of the poor harassed leader writers and political commentators when, some years ago, I happened to hear in a typical aside by Frank Muir during a BBC *My Music* programme that the Icelandic word for journalist is *blætur-mesli*. They have the almost impossible task of trying to reach conclusions from specific, fragmented events and, like my husher commenting on the news of the day as he snips away, they usually end up with a collection of unsupportable and often highly questionable assertions. These are couched in a special kind of prose style rather like that once employed by the *Times Literary Supplement*:

*The TLS
Never says succinctly Not or Yes!
It elaborates the causes
In relative clauses.*

Stephen Leacock once put the whole thing into some sort of perspective. He tried to prise the leader-writers off their Olympian perch and deflate their pretensions to omniscience by suggesting that they should be compelled to sign their editorials not only with their names but also with their home addresses: "A clarion call to support the American president on the neutron bomb, coming from a man called Harris living at 21a Acacia Crescent, East Cheam," Leacock suggested, "could then be considered at its true worth."

MIND YOU, without the overheated imaginations of leader writers and political commentators, busily detecting trends where none are apparent and regularly falling into the Third Form error that because B follows A then A must cause B, newspapers would be as dull as a publisher's list without fiction.

Not long ago, "Pendennis" held a competition in *The Observer* to decide the most boring headline of the year. This gave some indication of what newspapers would be like without the element of pure imagination so thoughtfully provided by Think Pieces.

As might have been expected *The Times* led the list with entries like "Liechtenstein's exports show fall of 0.6%" and a headline on a Law Report that was guaranteed to banish insomnia, "Immaterial deception does not vitiate leave to enter." Others guaranteed to put the reader to sleep before finishing their were culled from the provincial press: "Oswestry mayor plants a tree" (*Shropshire Star*); "Little change in 21 years" (*Express and Star*); "Bexhill resident aged 89 dies suddenly" (*Bexhill News*); and a headline in the *Birmingham Jewish Recorder* that, I felt, provided a suitable corrective to the hysterical coverage of the recent Zionist Congress, one of those glorious occasions when everyone was in the wrong: "Fish and Chips enjoyed at Edgbaston Women Zionists Bazaar."

It's no wonder that the possibility

of a really interesting headline sometimes blinds newspapermen to the true facts. This was quite literally the case when Conor Cruise O'Brien was in Abyssinia a couple of years ago and asked his government escort, a Mr. Alemu, what was in a convoy of closed trucks that passed them on the way to the Somali border.

"They are taking the Russians," he said, "for the Ethiopian soldiers to eat them."

For one brief moment, Dr. O'Brien happily visualized the headlines in the story he would file to *The Observer*: "Ethiopian troops mutiny against Russian overlords. Savage reprisals threatened against captives." Then the truth dawned. When Mr. Alemu said "Russians" he meant "rations."

Sunderland driver crashed car into amp-post
Police found drunk in shop window
City to Add 12 Foot Cops

Other journalists make it their business to see that good headlines are oft interred with the bones of the famous: "Abdul Aziz as was" (on the death of Abdul Aziz) and "Papa passes" (on the suicide of Ernest Hemingway).

This is pretty routine stuff, though, compared to the bank of nine headlines that appeared earlier this year on the front page of the *Northern Echo*. The night editor, Frank Peters, had quit because he was utterly fed up with the new executive editor, John Pifer, and on his last night on the *Echo* lovingly made up the front page in the form of an acrostic that was the typographical equivalent of a Sailor's Farewell:

Freeze ending
Up and Up
Child-saver
Keep out
Plane 'iced-up'
Inflation steady
Everybody find
Everybody out
Rolling on

WHAT WITH deliberate mistakes like the *Northern Echo's* and the all-too-frequent inadvertent errors that adorn newspaper pages, it's no wonder that Leo Rosten thinks that they are a gorgeous "bazaar of wonders and follies, a forum, a college, a freak show, a stage." As usual, the author of the Hyman Kaplan stories is bang on target, he has perfect pitch but is not particularly interested in analysing the causes, Alberto Moravia, on the other hand, has offered an explanation for the state of affairs that provides grist to the mill of anthropologists like Rosten. The ratio of literacy to illiteracy is constant, Moravia says, but nowadays the illiterate can read and write. And, I should point out, they can also set type.

Readers may be surprised to know that *The Jerusalem Post* is one of the "cleanest" newspapers in this respect. *The Times* contained 78 misprints on one page not long ago. *The Guardian*, however, is the unchallenged leader in this field, as is only fitting for a newspaper that

once reviewed an opera called *Doris Gudonov*, and referred to Arthur Laffer as the "two-headed economist" in an attempt to describe his blond hair.

When the late Philip Hope-Wallace was the *Guardian's* music reviewer he once described some Tosca as a "tigress robbed of her whelps," but a feminist editor changed it to "tiger" and a careless typesetter turned "whelps" into "whelks." Even the *Guardian's* sports pages seem on occasion to jeer at Juvenal's prayer for *mens sana in corpore sano*. When a pole vaulter just scraped through to victory, the *Guardian* described the scene: "The bra trembled but stayed on." On another occasion, when a footballer was explaining how he had improved his heading of the ball, the paper said it was "by leaping rigid from a standing tart."

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, too, could be terribly rude on occasion. "Beethoven, who had ten children," the paper informed startled mainliners, "practised on a spinster in the attic." The stuffer the medium, the more delicious the effect. When the BBC reported the first appearance of Norman Scott in court during the trial of Jeremy Thorpe, who was accused of conspiring to murder his former lover, the news announcer told an incredulous world in the strangled tones employed for solemn occasions that "this was the first time for several years that Scott and Thorpe had met face to face."

Some of these misprints and hoozers eventually become classics, like the *Burbank Post* story that crops up as a newsbreak in *The New Yorker* and other periodicals from time to time. This particular filler dates back more than half a century to a time when air travel was still an unusual event and departing passengers were listed in the daily newspapers: "Among the first to enter was Mrs. Clara Adams of Tannersville, Pa., lone woman passenger. Slowly her nose was turned around to face in a south-westerly direction, and away from the hangar doors. Then, like some strange beast she crawled along the grass."

One of the most memorable make-up errors appeared in the old *Brooklyn Eagle*, which closed its doors some 30 years ago. Two captions on the same page were switched: under a picture of a rare bird appeared details of a society woman, while under the socialite's picture was printed: "Isn't this a queer-looking bird? It has hair where its feathers should be."

SOME ITEMS are startling enough in their own right and owe nothing to ploy type, switched captions or dangled participles. This summer, the *Irish Times* had grave tidings to impart: "Last week, Donal Foley began the Saturday Column with the following: 'Things, it seems, are worse than we thought they were,' Prophetic words. Donal Foley died on Tuesday."

As one undertaker said to another, "Die? I thought I'd laugh." The *Washington Post*, which has the deplorable habit of running fabricated stories — such as Janet Scott's non-existent eight-year-old junkie, the bugging of Blair House that never was and, quite possibly, Watergate's "Deep Throat" — recently ran an extraordinary item that had the undoubted ring of truth. Well, it made a change.

A fashion article began, "Aside from the Clovis Ruffin show last week — when the designer's mother, in her own mink stole, chased a leather-studded, chained

couple down the runway with a bull-whip pulled from her grocery bag — things have been pretty quiet on Seventh Avenue."

And what is one to make of a film review that ran in *The Observer* a short time ago and called *Rude Boy* "an appalling embroidery of pornography violence that would reinforce every punk's animalistic view of himself?"

"It certainly had an effect on me," Tom Davies wrote, "since it made me so speechless with rage that I socked the director, David Mingay, on the way out, and my fist was still hurting three days later."

THERE IS no need to feel quite so committed. Lord Rothermere once described his newspaper empire in a remarkably detached way: "I buy woodpulp, process it and sell it at a profit," while G.K. Chesterton once dismissed journalism as the extraordinary stuff you see on the backs of advertisements.

This may have a germ of truth in it, though few newspapers would be prepared to admit even that much. One engaging exception was the *Argyllshire Advertiser*, which once announced that to avoid disappointing their advertisers a number of news items had been held over that week.

I believe I see what they mean. The front page of *The Times* used to be devoted to classified ads and the inside of the paper was often a let-down in comparison to the raw fascination of the Hatched, Matched and Dispatched. Aldous Huxley once eulogized it:

Oh, the dear front page of The Times!

*Chronicle of essential history:
Marriage, birth and the sly
mystery of love.*

Of lovers' greetings, of lovers' meetings.

*And dirty death, impartially paid
To courage and the old decayed.*

Sometimes it was better than a novel. The Ashbrooke-Templetons apologized to everyone, in *The Times* classifieds, for their absence from Budminton this April and a couple of weeks later they advertised again: "Mrs. Ashbrooke-Templeton would like to ask the young man who attended their party on Friday to immediately return the Land-Rover and kindly remove the Lamborghini from the croquet lawn." Four days later "the young man" inserted an ad requesting the Ashbrooke-Templetons to remove their Land-Rover from his duck pond and return his Lamborghini. The messages continued until a complete picture of the family and a gallery of their friends and their fun-loving pursuits could be reconstructed by regular readers.

MISS Heather and Julia wish to apologise for their behaviour when they got pinned on Wednesday 18th.

What a refreshing contrast it was then, after the abysmal lack of reticence on the part of these Hooray Henrys who seem to be quite shameless about the carryings-on in duck-ponds and croquet lawns, to read an ad in the *Impartial Reporter and Farmer's Journal*. This admirable paper, published in Fernmanagh, apparently inspires in its advertisers a concern for the proprieties combined with a delicate display of dignified comportment under the most difficult conditions.

"If the lady who abandoned her corsets in our Rhododendrons at Drumclay wishes to retrieve them, she may rely on our discretion." □

WITH HALF the country on strike last week, I decided to take a busman's holiday. For a consumer reporter, this meant setting aside serious consumer problems and browsing around the commercial centres of Tel Aviv. I priced an ostrich egg, sampled the coffee at the revamped Café Rowal, discovered some second-hand clothes for men and hand-painted sweatshirts for children, and found a new shop selling pease.

I spent a morning at the Dervish, a well-established shop for traditional folk crafts, which could almost be considered an ethnographical mini-museum.

Indeed, there are days when the owners, Miriam Mirvish and Doreen Mirvish Bahiri, feel they should be charging an admission fee, since more people come to browse than to buy.

While I was there, a customer did purchase an ostrich egg — or rather an eggshell from which the interior had been removed. Used as decorative objects, these shells sell for the equivalent of \$20.

The sisters who own the Dervish get their ostrich eggs through their brother in South Africa, who trades chicken eggs for them. They equal two dozen chicken eggs in size, and the taste is similar, I'm told.

On January 1, the Dervish marked its 14th birthday in Tel Aviv and six months at its present address, 7 Gordon St., near the sea. Miriam and Doreen originally opened up shop in 1965 in Safed, where they stocked the handicrafts of Galilee; they have since expanded to include folk items they collect during their frequent trips abroad.

They tell me that in the United States, many consumers are buying traditional folk goods as an "investment." There is a growing appreciation that traditional handicrafts are a dying art.

Because most of its customers are ordinary Israeli consumers and not serious folk art collectors or tourists, Dervish tries not to stock too many high-priced items. About tops today is a Bukharan wall hanging for \$600. At the other end of the scale are hand-made Hebron drinking glasses, from \$2 apiece. In the range up to \$25, the choice includes copperware, fabrics by the metre, and lots of earrings.

Jewelry is a major item. Doreen herself makes stunning hand-made silver pieces. Her bracelets range from \$40 to \$250.

She also strings necklaces from all sorts of beads, including the traditional African glass trade beads and South American beads. There are necklaces from ancient Egyptian faience beads, ceramic beads made by a process that mixed the glaze right in with the clay. The true faience beads are the ones found in tombs, and they sell for \$500 a kilo in Egypt today. There are also imitations — modern ones made by the traditional clay method, and cheap ones made from "macaroni," as Doreen puts it, which swell up in water. It is harder to tell the new ceramic ones from the truly ancient, but Doreen says she can. She sells strings of faience beads for \$50 and up.

The sisters do not give written statements of authenticity, but only verbal assurances, which must be accepted by customers on trust, based on their reputation. Except for the Egyptian beads, which they claim are around 4,000 years old, they don't deal in antiques or even antiques. What is important in folk crafts is that they are made by traditional methods and are not modern imitations.

The new Rowal is light and airy, with wicker chairs and pink, blue and yellow tablecloths. There are lots of mirrors, and the espresso bar is supposedly a copy of the bar in London's Dorchester Hotel. The waiters and waitresses are all slim



One of the waitresses at the new-look Café Rowal, the Dizengoff landmark which re-opened last week in Tel Aviv.

Coffee and cheesecake

Miriam tells of her recent visit to a village longhouse in Borneo, where she saw tribesmen making ikat cloth, which is tie-dyed on the loom, and was struck by the fact that they were using plastic ties instead of the traditional banana leaves.

How do the sisters know what's worth buying in a strange country? "The first place to visit is the local museum, if one exists, to get an idea of the authentic native crafts and how they should be made," Miriam says. "Then I go to the marketplaces to see what's available."

A YEAR AND A HALF ago, I wrote about the closing of Tel Aviv's most famous coffee house, the Rowal, at 111 Dizengoff. So I felt it was only fitting that I should be there when it reopened last Friday morning, at the same address, but upstairs. The cup of *cappuccino* with a huge glob of fresh whipped cream and chocolate shavings was delicious, and the rich cakes are being made by the same house-keeper as before, Esther Perez, but otherwise there is scarcely a reminder of the staid *Mittelschwarz* atmosphere that permeated the old Rowal.

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MARKETING WITH MARTHA

and young, dressed in black slacks and black shirts, no aprons. The new managers are scarcely older than their staff. Uri Rothschild, 31, and his brother Omri, 26, are snobs with a successful background in the business and theatre worlds.

The Rowal seats 230, and has balcony tables overlooking Dizengoff, so customers can see and be seen. Eventually, there will be sidewalk tables at street level too. A cup of coffee costs IS45, tea IS35; cakes range from IS55 to IS60.

It's open daily from 9 a.m. to 1 a.m., including Fridays and Saturdays. This is a clear departure from the old establishment, which closed on the Sabbath, and had a kosher certificate during most of its years, until it began putting chairs out too early on Saturday afternoons. The old Rowal served dairy foods only.

The reconstituted Rowal is also a non-kosher meat-and-dairy restaurant from noon onwards.

Among the offerings are shrimps and a *quiche* that contains cream and little pieces of ham. Main dishes start at IS175.

On opening day, I spoke to customers who had been regular patrons of the original coffee house. Unlike myself, they were satisfied with the new decor. However, they

thought the service left much to be desired, after all the advance fanfare. "We expected to see flowers on the tables," two of them told me. One customer, who had deliberately skipped breakfast, said it should not have opened before the *croissants* were ready.

The only visible remnant from the former café, which reigned for more than three decades as the queen of Dizengoff, is the piano. But along with the traditional cream-topped cakes, it looks a little out of place in the trendy surroundings of bamboo and glass.

THE BLOCKS on Dizengoff between Arlosoroff and Nordau have become a centre for fashionable second-hand clothing shops, most of which specialize in the romantic-nostalgic look for women. A new shop at 219 Dizengoff handles used clothing for men — not the nostalgic type, but simply second-hand clothing at prices to match.

The shop is called *Hatul b'Sak* — literally "eat in a bag," but the correct translation would be "a pig in a puke."

Run by two young people named Navah and Amir, it also sells all sorts of interesting used and new objects, from bird cages to eyeglasses. The most attractive item I saw there was a uniquely designed metal and glass terrarium for houseplants, priced at a high IS3,600. It was new and locally made.

Men's clothing, sold on a consignment basis, includes jackets (around IS600), shirts (IS200 to IS250), trousers, ties, belts and even shoes. Navah says buyers are mainly elderly men in search of bargains.

IT WAS inevitable that some Tel Aviv shop would grab the name "E.T." from the smash-hit film of the same name. Fittingly, it is a new shop for high-fashionwear for children, from infants to teenagers, at 216 Dizengoff.

It was opened by two housewives, with five children between them and no previous business experience. They are feeling their way to the right sort of merchandise, and currently have a combination of the higher-class local things plus some Italian imports, which are not much more expensive. The most eye-catching of the local products are the hand-painted, hand-dyed cotton sweatshirts for children, under the label "Little Tomatoes." Colourfully decorated with flowers, butterflies, snails and sunrises, they sell for around IS700. Visitors in search of Israeli-made gifts might find them suitable. In the smallest sizes, there are two-piece jogging suits with the same designs.

A BLOCK or so up the street, at 266 Dizengoff, Martel Hudecoratzia's new window display caught my eye. The firm is a well-established importer of wallpaper. Its latest offering, rarely seen in this country, is wallpaper with matching fabric for curtains, pillows, bed linen, etc.

The patterns are suitable mainly for bedrooms and children's rooms, and the paper and fabric come from Germany, by special order, and take up to a month to get here.

Prices are about 20 per cent higher than ordinary wallpaper, says proprietor Roni Zvi. He says the window display has generated a lot of interest, and quite a few orders, as this idea hasn't been tried much in Israel and is not — so far as he knows — currently available anywhere else.

IT WOULD be nice if peace could be purchased in a shop. Perhaps that was what the proprietors of Peace Shop, a recently opened enterprise at 262 Dizengoff, had in mind. It never seems to be open when I pass by, or perhaps it is closed for the Christmas-New Year season, as there is a Christmas tree in the window. The neighbours at the car accessories store next door, which is also new, tell me that Peace Shop is run by two young Australians.

There doesn't appear to be much merchandise on display except for a lot of hand-painted rocks, and not very attractive ones at that.

A huge sign inside proclaims "peace" in English, Hebrew and Arabic. This message seems to be the main item for sale, and I'd like to have a chance to check the price.

Some guests of mine from abroad had an interesting experience with Tel Aviv prices the other day. They were hooked in the new hotel near the seashore between Tel Aviv and Jaffa, within walking distance of the Carmel Market, where they enjoyed freshly squeezed orange juice at a kiosk for IS20 a glass.

Out for a stroll on Dizengoff, they stopped for some fresh juice at a kiosk there. Informed that it would cost IS30 a glass, they expressed surprise. "Ah, but this is Dizengoff," they were told. Fifty shekels, incidentally, is more than the Tourism Ministry permits five-star hotels to charge for a glass of fresh citrus juice in their lobbies.

Martha Melsels